APRIL, 1927

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE

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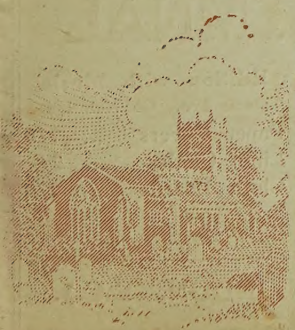

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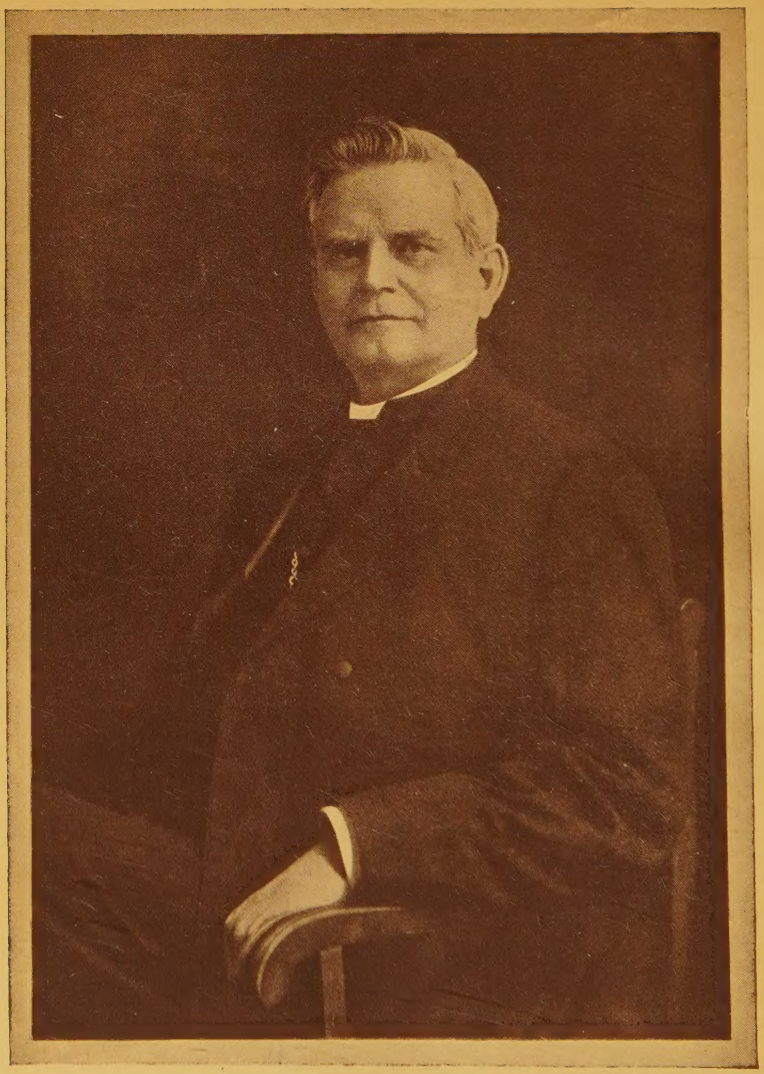

S. D. Chown.

The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 150 April, 1927

Our April Number

By THE EDITOR

Dr. Chown.

OUR frontispiece shows the man whom Canada delights to honour. He served Methodism well as its Temperance Secretary, and then as its General Superintendent; and his article, based on such broad experience, allows us to gauge Wesley's Influence in the Dominion, and to see what an impressive contribution it has made to The United Church of Canada. It is pleasant to see ' Mother England ' again through Dr. Farrington's eyes. In his ' Reminiscences,' Dr. Lidgett draws near to the great tasks which he has had to shoulder for Methodism and for the Metropolis. Dr. Lofthouse deals with the critical subject of ' Adolescence ' in a really helpful way. A missionary holiday to ' The Top of the World ' gives a view of India which many will welcome; and Mr. Pearse's ' Story of the Resurrection ' is a timely devotional study. Other treasures our readers will discover for themselves.

Round the World with a Dictophone.

Sir Henry Lunn's volume, published by Mr. Benn at half a guinea, gives the impressions of a man who knows the world and has filled a special place in the history of travel and of Church fellowship. We meet old friends and new in Sir Henry's pages. He preached in Dr. Cadman's Church at Brooklyn, and listened to his radio address on Santa Teresa and Susanna Wesley. He was described to Sir Henry as one of the greatest men in America. At Detroit he renewed his acquaintance with Dr. Lynn Hough, whom he regards as ' one of the ablest men I have met in the American ministry in any Church.' His church is a beautiful Gothic building on the finest site of any church that Sir Henry has seen in America, save Trinity in Wall Street. Winnipeg has twice as many churches of the United Church of Canada as the Church of England has. The city has 285,000 inhabitants. In 1873 it had 625. ' There is an indescribable grandeur and beauty about these illimitable stretches of prairie kindled into radiance by the glory of the setting sun.'

Among Australian Methodists.

At Brisbane Sir Henry heard the address of his cousin, Dr. Sugden, on his laying down the office of President-General of Australian Methodism. It showed how conditions of life were changing with lightning-like rapidity in Japan, China, and India. A strong national consciousness has emerged, and the Church of Christ has to give them the message of Jesus, and then be content and glad that they should work out their own theology and Church organization. Sir Henry felt the goodwill amongst the Methodist people everywhere to be marvellous.

The Government City.

Sir Henry's description of Canberra has special interest in view of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York. It is 2,000 feet above the sea, and much colder than Sydney, from which it is 204 miles distant. It is 429 from Melbourne, 912 from Adelaide, 929 from Brisbane. It lies in an amphitheatre of hills amid gently undulating country. The Parliament Building, which the Duke and Duchess are to open, is plain and is to be replaced, perhaps in half a century, by permanent Houses of Parliament at a higher level. Methodism has its site, and so have the other denominations. Sir Henry regards the Dominions 'as truly an extension of England as the some-time villages of Charing, Paddington, Edmonton, and Brixton are an extension of the old City of London,' and his lively descriptions of their present position and future prospects will be welcomed by readers all round the Empire.

The 'Fernley' of 1928.

Many will be delighted that Dr. Edward Sugden, the Principal of Queen's College in the University of Melbourne, has promised to deliver the Fernley Lecture in 1928. His subject has a special claim to attention in this age of excavation, for it is to be 'The Debt of Israel to Egypt.' The Tutankhamen discoveries have turned the eyes of the world to the religious and social life of Egypt, so that the lecture will have that atmosphere around it. Dr. Sugden is sending us an article on 'Wesley's Influence in Australia' for this *Magazine*. He says, 'I am grateful for the chance of keeping in touch with my friends in England: though I love the country of my adoption, yet all my roots are in the dear old land, and I like to think that I am not forgotten there.'

John Telford

The Influence of Wesley upon Canada

By S. D. CHOWN, D.D., LL.D.

A REMARKABLE series of spiritual and intellectual emancipations marked the career of John Wesley. No modern religious leader ever more successfully vaulted beyond his limitations of time and tradition, country and circumstance, than he. His spiritual teaching, his catholicity of feeling, and genius for adaptation to varying needs are ineffaceably stamped upon his followers and their institutions in every part of the globe. The germinal principles of the sublime Methodist achievement are remarkably permanent everywhere.

Methodist historians have usually assumed that reality of life for the Founder of Methodism began when his heart was ' strangely warmed ' on the 24th day of May in the year 1738. However his mentality may have been developed and his character formed by earlier influences, it is evident that, from the moment he experienced the assurance of adoption into the family of God, every development of his life was significant of a new creative potentiality. So pushful was his influence, that his heart-warming, with all its implications, immediately became the norm for universal Methodist preaching and experience.

The Trumpet-Note of Optimism.

In the evolution of Methodism in Canada it passed through certain refining changes; but while adding the holiness of beauty to the beauty of holiness, it did not lose the trumpet-note of optimism with which it began its wonderful conquests. Its spirit was found to be as relevant to the needs of thronged congregations in populous centres as it was germane to those distant settlements where in the early days, haunted with spiritual hunger, the people gathered for worship in simplicity of faith and form. The gospel as preached by Methodists, by its utter humanity and manifest divinity, and its emancipating power in respect to spiritual, intellectual, social, and political life, was particularly fitted to supply the fundamental needs of pioneer folk laying the foundations of empire in the wilderness.

The itinerant travellings of Wesley linked him to the western saddle-bag preachers, and inspired them as they threaded their long and lonely journeys through the woods and swamps of early Canada. Indolence and covetousness were impossible in the lives

and labours of men who amidst perils of land and water preached from twenty-five to forty sermons a month and, while subsisting upon most meagre allowances, were liable to persecution and possibly banishment from the country and people they loved.

A sanctified wander-lust sent some of these strong men Westward, discovering as they went the immense untravelled spaces of our unknown country. Their souls leaped to the larger vision as they urged their way forward, lifting the veil from the horizon of the prairies, and filling this new land with the sparkling romance of Christian heroism. Only the itinerant spirit of Wesley could have crowned Methodism with its wonderful success in this vast, and in those days uninviting, country.

Wesley's Pungent Influence.

Turning to the specific directions in which the impact of Wesley's pungent influence was felt, we find it incarnated in the temperance issue which his successors made so prominent in Canadian social and political life long years ago. Readers of Wesley will remember that in his sermon on the Use of Money, in rugged eloquence gleaming with vivid sword-thrusts of truth, he declared that no man may sell anything which tends to impair health. He found an appropriate illustration for his theme in the business of selling liquid fire or spiritous liquors. His fiery comment was that ' all who sold these in the common way were poisoners general, who murdered his Majesty's subjects wholesale and drove them to hell like sheep.' He exclaimed that ' the curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves, a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there, the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof are stained with blood.'

Canadian Methodism never apologized for these jagged words. The refrain of Wesley's fulmination echoed and re-echoed in Methodist pulpits, culminating in the scriptural impeachment of the liquor trade in the words, ' Now also the axe is laid to the root of the trees. Therefore every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire '; and the declaration of its highest ecclesiastical court that ' the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin.' That conviction burned in the very blood of Methodism. It marshalled its preachers in unflinching combat, taking the sting out of every temporary defeat, and hallowing each victory as a service rendered directly to Almighty God. It enabled its people to accept obloquy with thanksgiving, ' to endure joyfully the spoiling of their goods,' and to furnish unparalleled lay leadership for this great crusade

on behalf of humanity. Had Methodist sentiment prevailed, prohibition of the liquor traffic would have been enacted and enforced in Canada fifty years ago.

Deepening the Social Consciousness.

The spirit animating the charitable work of Wesley in assisting various classes of indigent people had its counterpart in Canada. Half a century ago an eleemosynary collection in the congregation taken at stated times sufficed to express the tender feeling of the Church toward the unfortunates of the community. But, with the growing complexity of civilization, the Methodist Church was moved to take the unprecedented step of establishing a department and appointing one of its ministers to deepen the social consciousness, and to develop and apply the conscience of the Church toward the relief of the moral, social, and economic conditions of the country. The responsibility of leadership in this work fell upon the writer in the year 1902.

Four years later the Presbyterian General Assembly took similar action. Other denominations soon followed; until now, in addition to the work of the Churches, the Social Service Council of Canada and its subsidiary Provincial Councils, linked with other special agencies of great importance, covers the whole field of institutional responsibility and opportunity.

In 1918 the Methodist General Conference expressed itself in respect to economic duty in terms which were then characterized as Bolshevistic, but are now recognized as supremely Christian, and by an increasing number as essentially Wesleyan. The General Conference said, ' The triumph of democracy, the demand of educated workers for humane conditions of life, the deep condemnation this war has passed upon the competitive struggle, the revelation of the superior efficiency of rational organization, combine with the unfulfilled, the often forgotten ethics of Jesus, to demand nothing less than the transference of the whole economic life from a basis of competition and profits to one of co-operation and service.' The leaven of this resolution is now quite appreciable amongst captains of industry, who, prior to Church Union, were members of the Methodist Church.

The Influence of Wesley upon Education.

The stimulus of Wesley's keen espousal of education has been felt during the whole life of Canadian Methodism. His recognition of the forces that slumber in cheap literature, his resort to tracts, pamphlets, and magazines before the organization of any Tract Society, his provision of a series of elementary text-

books to aid his untutored converts in the attainment of an adequate education, were all implemented by the Methodism of Canada.

The present Publishing House of the United Church (the largest business of its kind in the land) is the outgrowth of early and difficult beginnings on the part of impecunious Methodists in response to a need similar to that which Wesley discerned and satisfied. It is now the oldest business of the sort in Canada, and one of the largest in the Empire.

The emancipation of generations of North American Indians from gross ignorance was secured by the invention of the Cree Syllabics by James Evans, a very notable Methodist missionary, who was loaned to Canada by British Methodism. He was known among the Red men as ' the man who taught birch bark to talk.' He made the wilderness and the solitary places of Canada rejoice with the joy of a new-found instrument of knowledge. Lord Dufferin, when Governor-General of the Dominion, is reported to have said, ' The nation has given many a man a title and a pension, and then a resting-place and a monument in Westminster Abbey who never did half as much for his fellow creatures.'

The Public School System of the Province of Ontario, which became a model for the Dominion, was shaped and founded by Egerton Ryerson, a Methodist minister and a man after Wesley's own heart.

Stimulated by the fact that Methodism was born in a University, the Canadian Conference applied for and received from King William letters of incorporation for the Upper Canada Academy in 1836; this being the first Royal Charter granted to any Nonconformist Institution of learning in the British Dominions. In 1841 it received power to confer degrees, and was the first college of university grade in actual operation in what is now the Province of Ontario. Its influence and popularity have been steadily progressive until this hour.

Contributions to Christian Thought and Experience.

In the realm of theological education within Canadian Methodism, the discernment on the part of principals and professors that Wesley recognized the close and mutually sustaining relations between philosophy and theology, and particularly that he committed himself to the principle of evolution in nature, contributed to breadth and freedom in teaching, and to ' the liberty of prophesying ' in our pulpits. Under Wesley's transmitted influence our ministry became

pervaded with the conviction that there is no refuge but in truth, whatever it may cost.

It should be borne in mind, however, that while Methodism in this Dominion maintained a keen forward look, believing that God always had something to say to-morrow which could not be clearly understood in the to-days of the past, it anchored close to the great creeds of the early Church with their permanent contributions of Christian thought and experience. In these ways, as in others, Methodism in Canada justified its origin.

Ecclesiastical Equality and Political Liberty.

The battle for ecclesiastical equality and political liberty was won by Methodism after a strenuous and prolonged struggle. In 1829 these objects became the avowed enterprise of the Methodist Conference; and while it remained necessary, the *Christian Guardian,* its connexional organ, was conducted with a very definite polemical as well as religious purpose in view. Liberty and equality flamed upon its pages until these rights were won. The Government, the Schools, the natural resources of the country were in the control of a ' Family Compact,' mostly composed of Anglicans. This condition was destructive of responsible government. An attempt was also made to control education in the interest of Anglicanism. In this crisis, a young Methodist preacher (Egerton Ryerson again), in the first year of his probation, launched the attack upon reactionary privilege, and became the leader of the forces of emancipation. His speeches, his letters, his editorials in the *Christian Guardian,* of which he had become the editor, threw his opponents into confusion and won the day. Amid much personal odium, social ostracism, petty and bitter persecution, he fought on for many years, winning the confidence and profound gratitude of all religionists outside the organization which aspired to be the established Church of Canada.

During this lengthened controversy the loyalty of Methodists, which had been besmirched, was vindicated, their right to celebrate marriage was secured, their claim to hold land for places of worship and for the burial of their dead was conceded, and all semi-Erastian pretensions were defeated. The determination of the crusaders for ecclesiastical freedom was sustained through all their tribulation by the declaration of Wesley that ' the uninterrupted (apostolic) succession was a fable which no man ever did or can prove.' Thus Methodism won not only liberty for itself but for all other non-Anglican communions.

Wesley's Influence on Church Union.

The contribution of Wesley's influence to the recent Church Union in Canada was of inestimable importance. The unifying effect of his pragmatic theological attitude was an immense factor in preparing Methodists to sink denominational peculiarities of expression in the interest of the common good. Not to have done so would have been inconsistent with the spirit of Wesley and false to his declaration of theological simplicity and independence. They heard his voice saying, ' Oh that all might sit as loose to opinions as I do, and think and let think.' They remembered that, while he highly valued convictions with moral sinew, he averred that he was ' sick of controversial opinions and that he desired only good substantial religion, a humble, gentle love of God and man.' These words were a Magna Charta of theological liberty for his followers. They regarded them as the expression of a consistent intellectuo-spiritual Protestantism as opposed to an inconsistent historical Protestantism.

Wesley's catholicity of spirit was only the consequence and complement of his liberal theology. This spirit of catholicity also was transferred to Canadian Methodism. It found a fruitful channel for itself in the fact that each probationer for the ministry was required to mark, learn, and inwardly digest Wesley's sermon on ' The Catholic Spirit.' Paraphrased he said, ' Do you love, pray, and work for the same things as I do? If so, give me thy hand, and let us love, pray, and work for them together.' Consistent Methodism has carried from the days of Wesley a committal to union wherever practicable with all Churches having the same spiritual purposes; and when at length the final reunion of Christendom takes place, it will not be upon an elaborated basis of faith and order, but upon spiritualized ethical life, to be known by its Christian fruit. In that day Wesley will be even more completely vindicated than now.

It will be readily recognized, from what is here written, that it was not the activity of recent leaders of Methodism in Canada so much as the spirit of Wesley himself, pervaded so profoundly by the spirit of Christ, and brooding over a branch of the Church which he founded, that brought the Methodists of Canada into union with the Congregationalists and Presbyterians without the loss of a single congregation.

Wesley's example softened the acerbities of doctrinal thinking and the prejudices of denominational feeling, preparing the way for a willing and safe advance. Walking hand in hand with

him, Canadian Methodism has felt under no obligation to apologize for making the great adventure of passing into the United Church of Canada. The union has already abundantly justified itself.

WHAT THE METHODIST CHURCH STOOD FOR AND BROUGHT INTO THE UNION.

I. It stood for—

1. Salvation to the uttermost from known and wilful sin, and complete consecration to the service of God and man.
2. The Holy Scriptures as containing all things necessary to salvation and as the final authority concerning the same.
3. The witness of the Spirit to adoption into the family of God; a love-filled fellowship amongst the membership of the Church; and the full employment of lay agency in its work, women having equal rights and responsibilities with men in the promotion of the Kingdom of God.
4. The most intensive and extensive Christian Social Service, including the extinction of the liquor traffic, and the application of a sensitive and enlightened conscience to the commercial, industrial, and economic relations of life.
5. A world Missionary parish as the potential objective of the Christian Church.
6. The unity of all believers and their organic union wherever practicable. It followed Wesley, who said, 'Is thy heart right as my heart is with thy heart? If it be, give me thy hand.'
7. A spirit willing to accept every manifestation and development of a Christo-centric Christianity.

II. It brought into the Union: 4,662 congregations, 418,352 members, 3,953 Sunday Schools, 42,635 officers and teachers, 347,384 scholars, 2,150 Young People's Societies with 70,782 members. Church Property, $66,669,509. Home Missions: 508 fields, $348,387 funds, $1,003,685 property. Foreign Missionaries 129, Hospitals 10. Three Universities, 3 Theological Colleges, 13 other colleges and schools. Endowments: Superannuation Fund $2,326,729, Education $3,116,629; Missions $855,077; Book-Room Capital $890,276; Real Property $66,669,509. Total $73,858,220.

In our next Number will appear a striking article on 'THE INFLUENCE OF WESLEY ON SOUTH AFRICA' by the Rev. John M. Watkinson, Ex-President of the S.A. Conference, son of the late Rev. Dr. Watkinson.

Adolescence

By WILLIAM F. LOFTHOUSE, M.A., D.D.

JUST twenty-one years ago Professor George Stanley Hall, of Chicago, published his monumental two volumes on *Adolescence.* Written in a curious 'Americanese,' they followed on suggestions already thrown out by William James in his *Varieties of Religious Experience,* and by Starbuck in his *Psychology of Religion,* really a study of adolescent religion. Since then, the study of adolescence has been carried on with great energy, both on the physical and the psychological side. The physical changes, indeed, that appear at adolescence are well marked in both sexes: in boys, the break in the voice, the changes in form and the bodily organs, and similar changes in girls, have led many writers to speak about a crisis, accompanied by a similar crisis in the mind and the consciousness. Passing out from boyhood or girlhood, the adolescent enters a period of mental 'storm and stress'; religion makes a new appeal; and conversion, if that appeal is rightly presented, is naturally to be looked for at this turning-point of life. At the same time there is a new consciousness of sex; corresponding to the maturing of the bodily organs, various glands pour new secretions into the blood, we are told; the imagination is filled with new objects and phantasies; and desires begin to grope wildly and passionately towards satisfactions but dimly apprehended. Later on the *tempo* slows down; the rapid rate of living could hardly continue the same for more than a few years; the excitement of the crisis, for good or ill, passes; but the results of the crisis, beneficial or dangerous, remain.

The 'Crisis' of Adolescence.

Undoubtedly, in such an account as this, there is a great deal of exaggeration. In the first place, the period of adolescence is by no means the same in every individual. With girls, indeed, it is said generally to come on sooner than with boys; and it may last with both sexes for a longer or a shorter time. Some would put the whole period at about ten years, from the approach of puberty to the age of twenty-one or over; others would confine the period to the three or four years immediately following the beginning of the physical changes. Moreover, the mental change is often slight or even unnoticeable. Many men and women have been conscious of no crisis; sex has not made itself felt till a far later age. Some, again, have passed through the experience of conversion

when they were at the age of sixteen or thereabouts; but others will point to childhood as the time when they first became conscious of sin or of the love of God; others again will say that they cannot speak of a time when they ' found God,' because they do not know that they had ever lost Him. The truth is that it is impossible to generalize; both mental and bodily movements are ' keyed up ' differently in different persons; and, in addition, environment, which may, with some, conduce to the sense of change, and even of stress, in those formative years, makes for quiet and almost unnoticed development with others.

The New World.

Still, when all this has been allowed for, the fact remains that, when the time of puberty is at hand, there is both a new sensitiveness and a new suggestibility. As Irving King[1] has expressed it, the adolescent ' may be said to be hypersensitive to all forms of social suggestion.' Hitherto the child has lived in a world of his own. He has not noticed very much of what is going on around him, save what is of immediate interest. To a great deal that older people tell him or ask him, he is often quite disappointingly unresponsive. From about the age of ten, his bodily development is somewhat slow. But when he reaches the age of thirteen or fourteen, all is different. His senses grow more acute. His nerves are a-tingle. His blood flows with a new force and richness. He notices things he had never noticed before; the world breaks out into colour, and even smell; the very touch of things will thrill him. Most boys, and girls too, at this age, find themselves treated in a new way; they are no longer regarded as children—this, whether it was true or not in the time of our grandparents, is certainly true to-day. Thus the adolescent lives in a world that is actually larger. It not only speaks more clearly to him; there is much more of it to speak. This growing world, too, is a world not only of things but of persons. Whether he likes it or not, he must constantly be adjusting himself to new circumstances, and be prepared for new treatment. He lives as one who is on the *qui vive;* and the curiosity, which is itself a mark of the enlarging life, is continually increased by the objects offered for its exercise. ' O brave new world, that has such people in't.' Miranda lived in the world of adolescence.

Self-Assertion and Self-Depreciation.

But if the world is new, the youth is new also. For in this new world he has to learn to comport himself. It makes new demands on him, and he must be ready for them. He is not going to allow

[1] *The Psychology of Child Development* (Chicago, 1905), p. 228.

himself to be ' let down ' by it. He manifests an unwonted self-assertion. And if he feels, as he can hardly help doing, that he is really ignorant of what surrounds him, that he is always being surprised, he is the more determined not to show it. But the self-confidence of youth is often half a sham. He tries to carry it off bravely, but he does not always succeed. Sometimes he fails lamentably. Self-assertion gives way to self-depreciation. For the new is sometimes frightening. And more frightening is the thought that his ignorance or inadequacy may be found out. In the more timid natures this self-depreciation may grow for the time habitual. With others it will mean a defence mechanism (as the psychologists call it) of self-will or defiance or positive rudeness. The less he understands people (like the youth, discovering what incalculable creatures girls are), the more he will profess to despise or neglect them. And when they are connected with authority, the more determined will be the pose of revolt. Yet, curiously enough, this period is also the period of hero-worship. For the first time he is conscious of wanting to be something different himself, and he sees this something different in others—what he longs to be, or what he knows he could never be. Possibly the objects of his devotion never suspect that he is modelling himself on them, even down to their tricks of manner or dress. He is thus both more and less himself than he was before. No wonder his elders find him hard to understand.[1]

Normal and Abnormal.

As we have said, the actual character of the manifestations depends a great deal on the environment. Let us imagine what ought perhaps to be the normal course. The boy or girl is still at school, and the masters and mistresses know what to expect and what to guard against. They prepare the ground for the eagerness for new interests. The class-work grows more fascinating, as the pupils find themselves expected to reason for themselves and make or create things. New standards of strength or wisdom or beauty are shown to them. High spirits are allowed for, and given due vent. Instead of dashing themselves against old restrictions, now more than ever irksome, they are encouraged to think of life as a field of prizes to be nobly fought for and duties to be bravely carried through. Self-assertion and self-depreciation are combined and transformed into a sense of responsibility, the high resolve to do some great thing with life,

[1] Readers of George Meredith will remember the admirable studies of adolescence in *Richard Feverel* and *Harry Richmond;* Hardy's *Jude the Obscure,* for adolescence of another type, is equally illuminating.

joined to the humble recognition of a demand to be met. At this period more than at any other, before the maxims of self-interest and self-advancement have come to be taken for granted, the true end of life reveals itself as service. Even when this is not very apparent, the youth will become conscious of a vocation. As a wise head master used to say, who lived long before we talked of psycho-analysis or the new psychology, ' I do not expect a boy to take life very seriously till he is fourteen; but after that he ought to be making up his mind as to what he is going to do.'

But now let us consider what certainly ought to be—but can hardly actually be called—the abnormal. The boy who grows up in ' mean streets '—not necessarily the slums—finds himself, just at this period of enlightenment, suddenly free from the restraint of school, and equally free, as he goes to his new employment, from the restraints of his parents at home. He has to slave or drudge at his work, and perhaps is made to feel the tyranny of his older work-mates; but when work is over, he plunges into the new-found freedom of the streets. If his parents remind him that he still has duties to them—beyond giving them some of his wage—he may grow openly rebellious. But the new world of which he is thus made free is very different from the world of his more fortunate cousin, still at a public school. It is a world of varied excitements, and nearly all the excitements are connected with a possible clash with constituted authority. He is almost certain to start gambling—if he has not started long before; he learns to drink; and, worse still, he is surrounded by the cruder fascinations of sex. The normal adolescent may hardly be conscious of sex till a later period. He does not dream of connecting with sex the new and rather bewildering promptings for which he can find a dozen other outlets. It cannot be denied, indeed, that even for him the suggestions which he meets are now far more open and undisguised than they were; but the town-bred youth has no chance of missing them. To live in an over-crowded court, to be familiar with the life of the streets at all hours of the day and night, to hear the language of the men where he works, and to stare at the films in the cheap cinema, is to hear more clearly than any words could put it, ' Your passions are awake; satisfy them.'

What is true of the boy is often twice as true of the girl. For with the girl the changes should come more slowly; the whole of her life-rhythm is slower; and with her instinct of self-assertion more of shyness is naturally mixed. For her, therefore, freed from restraints when she needs them even more

than her brother, the education of the streets is yet more brutal. 'The girls of to-day,' you say, 'are just naughty.' Not naughtier, madam, than their grandmothers; but the surroundings of to-day do their best to turn the storm of adolescence into shipwreck. It is no wonder that, when the rhythm has slowed down, you blame the years of adolescence; but the blame lies elsewhere. You cannot change adolescence; but you can change the world in which adolescence has to be met.

The 'Crisis' a Transition.

But, even with the best environment, adolescence is a passage, a transition; and as such it has dangers of its own. All life, as the psychologists are aware, is a journey from one stage to another. Happiness depends on being ready for the transition when the time for it arrives. The child must learn to cut itself free from its mother's apron-strings; the boy must learn to make friends with young people of his own sex, and then of the other. The youth must be ready to meet the world, and not to fear it. But at each passage there is the danger of stopping and drawing back—a 'fixation,' as it is called. Of all these transitions, adolescence may be specially frightening. The shy or nervous soul fears the new sensations and the contradictions of which he is conscious in himself. He is a puzzle to himself, and he wants to get back to the warm sense of protectedness that he knew. He is lonely; his world is a world not only of strangers but of enemies. Perhaps some shock, dimly remembered or quite forgotten, intensifies his sense of secret misery. And then he tries to rebel; he breaks out in some only half-premeditated act, and before he knows it, to the surprise of his parents and himself, he finds himself a problem, or even a criminal.

Initiation and Confirmation.

It will now be easy to see why the adolescent has special need of religion. Most uncivilized or 'primitive' tribes of whom we have any information practise rites of initiation upon the boys, and generally also the girls, at the age of puberty. Some of these are almost unbelievably cruel; but they all appear to have the three-fold purpose of testing the courage of the postulant, instructing him in tribal lore and the duties of the clansman, and the impartation of the knowledge of sex. All this, of course, means a ceremony that is distinctly religious; for all such knowledge, to the 'primitive' mind, is inseparable from religion. In more developed and 'humane' religions, the process is nearer to what we understand as 'confirmation.' To the Protestant adolescent, accustomed as he often is, or was, to

appeals to seek forgiveness and to be saved from sins that would otherwise bring damnation, the period of adolescence may be one of terror, leaving perhaps a seared or an emancipated conscience. These religious terrors are said to be far more rare in the Catholic Church, since the Catholics have developed a much more carefully thought-out system of instruction. Be this as it may, the current neglect of preparation for religious life in the Protestant Churches is nothing less than tragic. Theoretically, in the Anglican Church, confirmation secures this preparation; but it is in many cases merely haphazard and nominal; while among the Free Churches, save where some zealous minister thinks out a plan for himself, it is practically non-existent.[1]

This is not the place to sketch out a syllabus; the syllabus would naturally vary with the world in which it is to be used; but its preparation will be almost as easy as it is urgent, when we recognize that with the new appreciation of adolescence is generally included a new appreciation of what religion really stands for. To the sense of duty, of responsibility, of vocation, religion makes a paramount appeal; it can direct into the best and highest channels the instincts for self-assertion and self-depreciation; it can rouse and guide all the latent impulses for chivalry and devotion; and it can keep in its due place the sense of sex. Instincts, the psychologists tell us, must be 'sublimated'; these half-blind and perplexing impulses to action must be given the broadest and most self-forgetful way of working themselves out. There is no sublimation like that afforded by religion. For to religion self-denial and self-fulfilment are one. We affirm ourselves and reach the true goal of our powers when we regard our own private interests and cares as if they did not exist. And that synthesis of opposites is the climax of the work of the practical psychologist.

A Friend.

We are most ourselves when we are least ourselves. But what, for the psychologist, is a triumph, if indeed he can attain to it at all, is plain every-day knowledge to the instructed teacher of Christianity. For to him the centre of his work and thought is Christ; and how does one come to Christ, save as one loses oneself and finds oneself? The preceding account has made it sufficiently clear that to help the adolescent one must explain him to himself, and reveal to him the laws of his own being at this perplexing stage. The secret of the law of his being is the end for which he was made—to find Christ, or rather, to be found of Him.

[1] See C.O.P.E.C. Reports, vol. iv. pp. 80ff.

' The adolescent,' says Professor King, ' is far better off if his equilibrium can be sustained by social suggestion rather than overturned by it.' The teacher who is no expert may well fear that this is too delicate and complicated a task for him. But most of us do get through adolescence somehow. And we who have done so know that we have had a friend—perhaps many friends—who could explain to us ourselves and our world; who were not impatient or angry; who proved to us that they believed in us when we were far from believing in ourselves, whether we meant to let them see this or not; and who showed us what we could do, and whom we could serve. There are a hundred ways of showing this friendship to boys and girls; we could nearly all do it if we cared to take the trouble, or felt the divine passion. For a Christian, to be a friend is to reveal *the* Friend; and by His comradeship and redeeming love every problem of adolescence is finally solved.

The Joy of the Lord

By W. A. L. TAYLOR, B.A.

The joy of the Lord is filling the woods,
And the trees are clapping their hands;
His laughter is riding the crest of the waves
Which break on the far-stretching sands.

The joy of the Lord is borne on the wings
Of the wind in the valleys and hills,
And gladness is dancing in meadows and fields
And rippling in streamlets and rills.

The joy of the Lord resounds in the skies
While the choirs angelical sing,
And deep in the glittering spaces of heaven
The bells of the firmament ring.

The joy of the Lord is mounting in pride
On the billows which rise and roll,
And the smile of His countenance covers the earth
From the tropic to farthest pole.

The joy of the Lord is over the works
And the ways of His children on earth;
The laughter which breaks from the heart of a man
Is an echo of heavenly mirth.

Reminiscences

By J. SCOTT LIDGETT, M.A., D.D.

IV.

I SHALL never forget the experiences of the next two years. The powerful influence of Dr. Moulton had procured official and formal approval of the undertaking, yet there was very little real conviction behind it. Some years later, when the Report of the Settlement was brought before the Conference Dr. Rigg expressed his satisfaction with the success of an enterprise, which, he said, he had felt bound to support at the beginning owing to the advocacy of Dr. Moulton, but which he had believed was foredoomed to failure. This, I think, was the general attitude; and as I travelled over the country raising the all too small Building Fund I often felt like a mendicant, hawking his patent in the hope of its being eventually taken up. Moreover, there were many who supposed that I desired in large measure to substitute social activities pursued in a somewhat secular spirit for the gospel and sprituality. I think this impression was largely dissipated by the publication of my book on the Atonement some years later.

Nor were things better on my first appearance in Bermondsev itself. My reception by the large firms was chilly in the extreme. Nor did the clergy and ministers welcome me much more warmly. They assured me that there was no demand in Bermondsey for such a scheme, and that I should meet with little response. They also seemed nervous lest I should bring financial support from outside to inaugurate a work which would damage their own struggling churches. The difficulty was increased by reason of the fact that the enterprise had to be plunged complete on the neighbourhood instead of springing from small beginnings. The one exception was the late Colonel S. B. Bevington, a man of the highest position in the commercial and public life of Bermondsey, who stood by me from the first and right on to the end of his life. However, I set my teeth and toiled on, with the result that the Committee felt justified in taking a building contract early in 1891, that the foundation stone was laid by the Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph Savory, on July 14, and that the main Settlement building was opened for educational work on January 6, 1892. Owing to lack of funds the building could not be completed until 1898, and the plans of the architect, Mr. Elijah Hoole, were to some

extent damaged by the rigid economy that had to be imposed.

Before this time, however, I had come to the conclusion that a Settlement for women must be established side by side with that for men. I had therefore sought the help of the late Miss Alice Barlow of Edgeworth, who at once joined me in taking the responsibility for this additional enterprise, a partnership which lasted, on terms of the most intimate friendship and generous support, till her death in 1919. To her and to Miss Mary Simmons, who was head of the Women's House from January 1893 till 1916, and continued in the work for some years longer, I owe the most grateful thanks for their unfailing comradeship and co-operation. The work of the Women's House began in October 1891 by our undertaking, under the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute, the District Nursing of Rotherhithe, for which I have been responsible ever since.

Aims of the Settlement.

The main object of the Settlement was to bring a force of educated workers to give help to all the higher interests of the neighbourhood, religious, educational, social, and administrative. Its aims were defined at the outset in the following terms:

'1. To bring additional force and attractiveness to Christian work.

'2. To become a centre of social life, where all classes may meet together on equal terms for healthful intercourse and recreation.

'3. To give facilities for the study of Literature, History, Science, and Art.

'4. To bring men together to discuss general and special social evils and to seek their remedy.

'5. To take such part in local administration and philanthropy as may be possible.

'6. And so to do all this that it shall be perfectly clear that no mere sectarian advantage is sought, but that it shall be possible for all good men to associate themselves with our work.'

It is clear from all that has been said that the Settlement differs considerably in aim and therefore in development from a Mission. A Settlement is or should be a community of social workers who come to a poor neighbourhood to assist by the methods of friendship and co-operation those who are concerned in upholding all that is essential to the well-being of the neighbourhood. Hence freedom and initiative are of its essence.

Men and women who come to it must be encouraged to see with their own eyes and to respond with a large measure of independence to the calls that are made upon them. A cut-and-dried programme would be fatal both to the conception and to the development of a Settlement. Its head should not stereotype, but guide and co-ordinate all its activities, encouraging adventure, though tempering it with prudence. Much, therefore, will depend upon the temperament and outlook of the settlers who rally to his banner. Moreover, the mental, moral, and material conditions of the particular neighbourhood that is served by any Settlement may encourage and necessitate certain forms of activity, and equally may hinder or thwart certain other endeavours that may be intrinsically desirable. Hence for more than the ordinary reasons there must needs be a considerable interval between the ideal and the practicable. All this has been true of the Bermondsey Settlement.

Varied Agencies.

Space will not allow me to trace the development of the work of the Bermondsey Settlement from 1892 to the present time. The following list of its existing activities must suffice. Classification is rather difficult; for while the Trust is for Religious, Educational, and Social purposes, the three objects are interfused in many of our institutions.

First and foremost comes the *Educational Institute,* the number of students annually ranging between 500 and 700. The provision of teaching embraces University Extension Courses, chiefly in History, Literature, and Art; Music, Choral and Orchestral; Elocution, Languages (Latin, Greek, French, German, and Italian); instruction in First Aid and Nursing; Art Needlework; and Gymnastics, as well as Commercial subjects, advanced and elementary. There is no overlapping with other educational institutes, and the work is in many respects different from that of the Evening Institutes maintained by the London County Council. Many auxiliary activities for sport and recreation are associated with the Institute.

Side by side with the Institute is the Boys' Brigade work, with its Old Boys' Club, including in its membership many generations of members of the 62nd Company—before the War the premier Company of London.

The women's work of the Settlement is now for the most part concentrated at the *Alice Barlow House,* so named after my lamented friend, and generously supported by her family. This house is the head-quarters of a very large Working

Women's Society, of a School for Mothers numbering about a thousand members, of the Beatrice Club for Girls, the Rydal Club for Boys (carried on by old boys of Rydal School, Colwyn Bay), the Rotherhithe Day Nursery, and many other agencies for helping women, girls, and boys. The local branch of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants has its head-quarters there, and is carried on by Settlement workers. The Invalid Kitchens of London have established a branch upon the premises for serving nourishing and tempting meals to the sick poor in their own homes. Some of our women residents live at this House, and others are accommodated in a wing of the main Settlement building.

The predominantly Social Work of the Settlement includes an Insurance branch, having 3,400 members in the State Approved Society, and 2,000 in a Voluntary Organization.

A Minor Ailments and Dental Centre provides medical and nursing attention to more than a thousand waterside children weekly. The work of the Children's Holiday Fund, and also of the Women's Holiday Fund for the whole of Bermondsey, including Rotherhithe, has for many years been organized from the Settlement. The District Nursing of Rotherhithe in connexion with the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute has been undertaken ever since 1891; and though there is now a local committee, I remain chairman, the work is organized from the Settlement, and I am ultimately responsible for the finances. Free Legal Advice has been given to the poor by a succession of qualified lawyers, of whom the first was Mr. (now Sir) Kingsley Wood.

In the field of Local Administration the Settlement has furnished workers throughout the past years to the School Board, the London County Council, the Bermondsey Borough Council, and the Board of Guardians. It has supplied many School Managers and Care Workers to the Schools as well as helpers to many other agencies of public and private philanthropy. In every one of these spheres our method has been that of co-operation with others on the broadest lines, and our aim has always been constructive and not eleemosynary.

While all these agencies and activities are still being carried on by the Settlement, brief mention should be made of some enterprises which, while now carried on independently, were originally started by the Settlement. First in order of time came the election of women as Poor Law Guardians, a thing which had been undreamt of or frowned upon, in the

neighbourhood until the Settlement found the women and carried through the campaign.

The magnificent Heritage Craft Schools for Crippled Children at Chailey in Sussex, of which Mrs. Kimmins was the founder and is still the head, sprang from the Bermondsey Settlement, which, to begin with, was responsible for them. I assisted the late Rev. Brooke Lambert in founding the Association for Befriending Boys (those who were placed out in situations from the Poor Law Schools of London), and since his death I have acted as Chairman of the Executive Committee. Did space suffice much more might be said; but this is simply to show the nature and extent of the direct and indirect activities of the Settlement.

Religious Work and Influence.

The religious work and influence of the Settlement, while a factor in many of its agencies, has been concentrated in classes for church workers and Sunday-school teachers of all denominations, lectures in exposition and defence of the Christian Faith, and, for many years, in carrying on two Wesleyan churches in Rotherhithe, now merged in the South London Mission. In later years my work in all these directions has, I regret to say, been necessarily restricted by my duties as Chairman of the Third London District and by other responsibilities. The balance sheets of the various branches of all this work amount in the aggregate to about £7,000 per annum, a very heavy burden, which has often caused me grave anxiety, though this has been lightened in recent years by several munificent contributions, which came at a time of great difficulty, unexpectedly and unsought by me.

One or two features of special interest must be mentioned. Our principal Girls' Club is the Beatrice Club, which occupies the Beatrice Hall of the Alice Barlow House. Its foundation was as follows. In 1893 my colleague, Miss Simmons, was preparing to start our first Girls' Club, but was doubtful of success. At that time I was in constant touch with Beatrice Dunkin, a very brave and saintly girl, whom I had first met at Meldreth, near Cambridge, who had suffered for years from an excruciating spinal complaint, and whom I had, through the assistance of Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Bunting, got placed in a Home at Hendon among convalescent patients. Beatrice took the greatest interest in the foundation and work of the Settlement, and used to send to me, as Chairman of the Rotherhithe Infirmary, parcels of scent bags made by her in

the intervals of long and constant suffering. One day I received a letter from her in which she complained sadly of the uselessness of her life. I was able to send her word that very day that she had started a Girls' Club as successfully as if she had been running about the streets of Rotherhithe. It came to pass in this wise. One of the convalescent patients was employed at Messrs. Peek, Frean & Co's. While at Hendon, Beatrice had interested her in the work of the Settlement, and had made her promise, when leaving, to get into immediate touch with Miss Simmons. She did so, and on learning about the proposed club set herself to work, and brought nearly a hundred girls from the factory and the neighbourhood to join on the opening night.

That club has had a splendid history. A few months ago I met a lady who is now J.P., member of a Borough Council, Chairman of a Board of Guardians, and on both the Council and Executive of the National Food Council. She was one of the original members of the Beatrice Club, and she told me that she owed all her success in life to the Settlement.

Distinguished Residents.

Many other cases could be mentioned. Some Settlement students have been prepared for the ministry of various Churches; one holds a good post in the Indian Civil Service, having been coached by one of our residents, Mr. (now Sir) Richard Hopkins, K.C.B., head of Somerset House. The leader of the local Conservative Party, and the very able agent, for many years, of the local Liberal Party, received their training at the Settlement; while the local Labour Party, now in the ascendant, owes its rise and success to Dr. Alfred Salter, M.P., an old Settlement resident; while Mrs. Salter (herself one of our residents before her marriage) has been Mayor of Bermondsey, the first woman Mayor in London.

A word must be said about our Music, because not only has our Choral and Orchestral Union been highly successful, but we have carried out for years, with the assistance of the London County Council, a great scheme for bringing together once or twice a year a choir of at least 600 school children—some of them from the poorest schools—to sing in great oratorios such as the 'The Messiah,' 'The Elijah,' &c. The Marquess of Crewe, K.G., when Chairman of the London County Council, and the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, when President of the Board of Education, told me that they had never heard anything like it in their lives.

I wish I could speak of many of the residents of the

Settlement; but space will not allow of this. Some of them have attained great distinction, as, for example, Mr. (now Sir) William Brunyate, K.C.M.G., late Legal and for some time also Financial Adviser to the Khedive's Government; H. Boyd Carpenter, who started our Picture Exhibitions, and subsequently took charge of Education in Egypt; Dr. C. W. Kimmins, who has recently retired from the Chief Inspectorship of Schools under the London County Council; Dr. John E. Borland, our Musical Director, who became Musical Adviser to the Schools of London under the London County Council; and Sir Richard Hopkins, who has just been mentioned. Dr. Lofthouse entered the ministry from the Settlement, and has carried his social enthusiasm with him into all the works of scholarship in which he has been distinguished. And many more are held by me in grateful memory. One other I must mention. My only son, John Cuthbert Lidgett, B.A., LL.B., had been my right hand, giving help in Boys' work, in teaching Latin and Greek, in insurance administration, and in giving legal advice. He fell in battle on Palm Sunday, March 24, 1918, while covering the withdrawal of his battalion in the great German offensive. His commanding officer on that day wrote to me that 'he could not have died a braver or a nobler death.'

The rest of these Reminiscences will be taken up with my more strictly public life, of which the Bermondsey Settlement has been the centre and the starting-point.

[*To be continued*]

Christ in our National Life

By HENRY HOWARD

Our past progress, whether as individuals, as churches, or as a nation, has been proportionate, not to the amount of truth that we have held, but to the amount we have applied. Applied Christianity is the only force adequate to the task of causing the thought and practice of men to take a higher range. It is the only solvent for the problems that are filling the hearts of economists and moralists with dismay.

We believe that Jesus Christ is the only hope of the race, and that the nation that will not serve the highest, when that highest is revealed, must enter on decay. But with all this belief, and with the history of the past before us as an open book, what place do we give Christ in our national life? All whereto we have attained, our national greatness and prestige, we owe to the ideals which He has set before us, and which we have hitherto cherished. But are we walking by the same rule, or simply living on our past? The question is not as to the place of Christ in our creed, but in our conduct.

Mother England

An American's First Visit to the Land of His Ancestors

By HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON

II.

MOTHER WORKS IN THE PRESENT

'SAM' or 'Jonathan,' Mother England's son or nephew, will not have to be taken outside to find out what she wishes to show him. He has easily guessed it. It is her little flower-patch. Not only is Mother reminiscent, dwelling in the past with her ancestors; but she works in the Present with things. She is practical. She lives in *medias res.* In a little room near the kitchen, she has an old pair of boots and gauntlets, a khaki skirt, and a broad-rimmed straw hat. She has to have her little patch or plot of a garden. It may have to be only a window-box; but something green and growing must be there, something bright and beautiful must flower about. She must dig and putter, weed and water her flowers and plants in the great out-of doors. She is a patriotic citizen of the 'physical, animal, and vegetable' world.

Love for the Out-of-doors.

Mother England keeps a healthy complexion. I believe that her cosmetics bill is relatively very low. Many diverse things are attributed to her climate; but, for some reason, to me England is the 'land of rosy cheeks.' It is true, as I have been reminded and also saw with my own eyes, that many pale faces are bending over the lathes and furnaces of Sheffield, Leeds, Middlesbrough, and Birmingham; but Mother England has a touch of rosiness put in her cheeks in the beauty-parlours of Wind and Rain and Sun.

Mother not only walks to the store around the corner and hikes to the church, but she puts on her low-heeled shoes, rough skirt, and 'changes her mincing steps into a manly stride.' It was after the General Strike of 1926 was over, and the trains, cabs, and 'buses were running normal, that I was amazed to see the pavements literally filled with all sorts and conditions of people of both sexes and all ages, walking to work from the suburbs and the zones far from the business districts. I contrasted this with an experience I had the previous year while walking on beautiful Riverside Drive in New York City between five and

six o'clock in the evening. For forty minutes I never saw or overtook one pedestrian. Everybody was in the taxis, subways, or elevated. It recalls a previous experience that happened after addressing one of the finest suburban High Schools of the City. The Principal was taking me in his car to the train, and he was constantly being mortified to note his own boys holding out their hands bidding for a ' lift.' They did not recognize either of us until we were upon them. One of the points of my address was that very thing. I shouted out in flashing by, ' Be Scouts, walk! ' I feel that Mother England is conserving her love for the out-of-doors, and the primitive method of locomotion.

Her flowers are not merely in the text-books of Botany. I noticed in the windows of the book-shops the predominance of natural history literature. The manager told me that the young and older folk ' went in a lot ' for that kind of thing. The greatest authority and the author of the best book on the flowers of Shakespeare is a weather-beaten postman of Stratford-on-Avon, who never had even a Grammar School education. And not only are the flowers of Shakespeare popular reading, but they are in flower-beds. Not only does Mother England work around the house to keep up the natural beauty, not only does she prefer the safe method of walking, but her outdoors as well as her indoors is a natural and indispensable part of her home. I am reminded that the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides originated in England. In them, I believe, are to be found one of the two great hopes of the solution of England's future progress. England is using all her available free out-of-doors; and she will never rest until all her children will have a place to stretch their legs and run without tumbling into the sea.

Great Stretches of Unpopulated Country.

Before I came to her ' green and pleasant land,' I had a great misconception. After I arrived, I saw, on the one hand that which delighted my eyes, and on the other hand that which distressed my heart. I always had the idea that England was so small, that the people were spilling out into the sea; that, apart from a few feudal and royal estates, there was not room between even country houses for much more than a golf course! When I learned that the fastest train ran in the island, I was sceptical; for I thought that by the time its speed was up to its limit it would be running off into the sea on the other side. And so it was with surprise and amazement that I beheld the great stretches of unpopulated country. It was not waste land,

but rolling hills, glades, meadows, and dales of rich loam and clay. There were great sweeps of grazing-country—field and grove, and field and grove. For miles there would not be a house; here and there was a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle. Outside of our own deserts and prairies, there is nothing in the way of populated yet productive land comparable to it in America. Coming from the very midst of our great suburban developments at home, it brought a kind of distress to me when I learned of the existence everywhere of the landed estates from 5,000 to 12,000 acres, and even one of which I heard to contain 50,000 acres. In many places they betrayed themselves without being pointed out. Very distinctly do I remember what I saw not far from one of the great university centres.

A town would be built up on two sides of a railroad track. On one side would be the homes—all brick, of one design, jammed together, brick streets, and brick and treeless pavements; not a place for a child to dig his toes, hardly enough of soil found either front or back of the house to grow a sunflower. On the other side of the track were the remains or the inheritance of the war-allotment gardens, dotted over with nondescript shacks, huts, or pens for the tools, &c. It gave the appearance of a row of ' Hooligan Alleys,' or ' forts ' in the make-believe land of back-street boy gangs. This long narrow town of divided houses and gardens ran back on each side to firm, strong fences, walls, or hedges, which bounded the magnificent fields and forests of Sir ' This ' or Lord ' That ' or Earl ' The Other.' True, this is an old story in England, and an older one in the world; and while no revolution is imminent or is likely to take place, there is a rift in the clouds, for Mother England will have her garden patch and her place to walk around the house.

The Way to Win.

True, it was a delight to see along the rivers and streams, although they were far from the towns and even regions of few houses, the foot, bicycle, and horse-paths where any one could freely enjoy and use them. Oh, the bicycles! It looked like America before the days of the automobile. She ' wheels ' for work, pleasure, and travel. I think that it is safe to say that 80 per cent. of the college men use a wheel. One Saturday morning I stepped into a bicycle-shop in Winchester, and was amazed to find about a hundred and twenty second-hand wheels in an adjoining shed.

' For sale? ' queried I. ' No,' said the owner, ' they belong

to the college boys; and after lunch there will not be one here, for all will be off to the cricket match at Southampton.'

Ah, ye cricket! Rather slow game I say; but Mother England, all of Mother England, plays it. She is out of doors on the field, and not nine-tenths in the grand stand. It seemed to me at first to be a waste of good land to have about twenty cricket fields, each as big as a football gridiron, adjoining the college just for sport; but I am beginning to be convinced that eight hundred men all playing in one afternoon is better than twenty or thirty doing it all while a thousand, eating peanuts and ruining their voices, are merely looking on. If the cricket fields of England's famous schools helped to win some of her great battles in the wars of the past, so Mother's ' out-of-doorness ' is going to help her win some of the great struggles in the peace times of the future.

The Scout Movement.

While on a little visit to F. Herbert Stead, the author and former head of the great Browning Settlement, I ventured to him the conviction, after learning that his daughter was leader of the Girl Guides of London, that two very definite and simple things would render England's future safe. The second, I shall leave until my last article. The first is the Scout movement among the boys and girls in the congested towns and cities. Just let Mother England permit the children to help ' pull weeds,' even up-rooting a flower now and then. Allow them to go on errands across the fields and through the woods, and half of her troubles have made a beginning to the end.

One of the most magnificent things I saw on my visit was on a Saturday afternoon, when through the almost deserted streets of the business section I saw a full company of Boy Scouts turning down an avenue. They were properly uniformed, patrol flags fluttered in the air, and the insignia of merit filled the sleeves of these erect and brown-faced lads. Three ranks from the front line walking in the middle, a little apart by himself, was a tall, raw-boned, long-legged angular minister, dressed in his clerical garb, striding at full length at a quick pace. How I wished that I could have had a photograph of it; and how I almost prayed that every minister and deaconess in Great Britain could have been in a like rôle that afternoon! Just give the boys and girls of the congested districts a taste of God's green, soft, and sunny out-of-doors, and they will never rest until they have a cottage with a garden on the same side of the track, where there will

be free paths all along streams, through all woods, and over all moors. The great forests will not be preserved for one or two annual fox-hunts.

There will be no need (and Heaven forbid it!) for any Long Island, California, or Florida Real Estate Syndicate to give England an idea of suburban expansion and progress. Mother England is pushing all her children outdoors, and some of these days she is going ' to raise all the vegetables she needs ' out of her own garden; and she will not have to crowd out the flower-beds or a space for a Badminton or tennis court.

Mother England—and the gender must be common here—likes her walking-stick, with the emphasis on ' walking,' and a road long and wide enough for the dog to go along. But—and we must abruptly come back to the other phase of the common gender—there comes a time in the day when she must get off the road and out of the dirt and earth, and come into the house. She wants to stay in a while. She wants something for herself, and then she expects some folks. Cousin Jonathan must be reminded what it is that Mother England must have indoors or on the veranda.

An Evening in Spring

By ALBERT J. FARNSWORTH

The day is passing—April days have wings
  Of eagle swiftness—in the sea to die;
  The form of things afar fades from the eye,
And high in yonder elm a blackbird sings.
O hark! that mellow bass! that trill he flings
  With careless flourish to the moon on high!
  That grateful note which, hovering in the sky,
Into one voice creation's rapture brings!

The stars lead out their countless wondering train,
  The wind is hushed, the haunts of men are stilled;
    Only the growing gloom no pause doth know—
And that bird's song—O Thou whose joys remain
  Splendid though earth with light or dark be filled,
    So let me praise Thee when my sun sinks low.

On Listening to Sermons

By HERSTON TRAVERS

I ONCE asked a Sunday-school preparation class of young teachers if they expected their children to be any better for the lessons they taught them Sunday by Sunday. With one consent they exclaimed in astonishment at such a question, ' Of course we do! What should we give up the time to teaching them for, if we didn't expect to help them? '

Then, I am afraid, I rather basely turned the tables on them and asked, ' Well, are you growing better and wiser for the *two* sermons you usually listen to every Sunday? '

A few little nudges then passed from one to another and a few rather guilty smiles, and for some minutes we discussed the use and abuse of sermons.

' It is so easy,' I argued, ' to feel that all we give to our class ought to do good; and so easy, alas! to let much of what others give us, sermons and class-meetings and Wesley Guilds, pass us by untouched.'

I wonder what the result would be if as a congregation we were to confess some Sunday morning our thoughts during the sermon!

Perhaps, on the way to service, some ardent church-worker has met us with a problem about whom to ask to give a certain paper at the Guild, or how to fill a gap in the Sunday-school staff, or we have been told of some fellow-member's grief or trouble. Our minds are full of these things, and, at the first opportunity for consecutive thought, back they all come in a rush and prevent the sermon giving us the slightest help.

We plan to ask Mr. So-and-So after the service about the Guild paper, and we arrange an early visit to those in trouble.

We often begin by listening attentively to the sermon; we even find the text in our own Bibles—a good habit, by the way, that seems to be becoming rarer. Sometimes the very train of thought in the sermon leads our minds off in a direction never intended; and instead of following the original thought with the preacher, we find a fascinating little by-path meadow down which we wander in a rather desultory way until the sermon is concluded. Then we come back suddenly from our wanderings, having missed most of what has been said from the pulpit.

It is perhaps specially easy to give way to this wandering habit when the voice, tone, and general style of thought is fairly

well known to us. Herein lies one good point about the three years' system. At least once in three years we have a new mind seeking to make an impression upon us. We listen carefully then, remembering the questioning ahead of us, ' How do you like the new minister? What do you think of his sermons? '

' Special ' preachers have usually a better chance with their hearers. We expect something extra good, and feel we may never have the opportunity again of hearing the President of the Conference or some famous missionary, so we listen with all our might.

And now for the preacher's point of view. I often wonder what our faces look like from the pulpit. I know a minister who spends hours in close thought and prayer over his sermons, arranging and rearranging the sequence of his thoughts. He has had flashes of real inspiration, or a telling illustration has occurred to him and has been put to its best use, vivid and thrilling words have been chosen to make the whole forceful, interesting, and arresting. Then he faces his congregation. His keen eyes flash over the people, and his whole face lights up from the great soul within. He begins his sermon glowing with a white hot enthusiasm for the message he wants to deliver. But sometimes the apathetic, cold mental atmosphere chills him, subdues his enthusiasm, and the fire dies down before the end of the sermon. To another congregation of intent worshippers that sermon glows to the end, and their hearts are strangely warmed.

Another minister said to me one day, ' I *wish* you could see your congregation as *I* see it! Are they afraid of me? I watch their faces as I preach—they don't look at *me*, but down their noses! They become gradually more and more inert, expressionless, and vacant, until I feel I might as well be preaching to so many suet puddings! ' Then he added with a twinkle, ' Of course, there are exceptions, but these others——'

Was it any wonder that occasionally he was stung to sarcasm and said, ' Now, you people, listen to me, just for *one* minute.'

Yet his sermons were gems of great worth; the sentences filled with glowing thoughts, every word exactly fitting and apt. He packed into those fifteen minutes more food for thought than most men give us in double the time.

I remember that one of the specially stolid so-called hearers said to me after service, ' Mr. So-and-so didn't give us very long to-day! ' I felt inclined to say, ' Didn't you get time for a nap? ' But I only said, ' He measures sermons by thoughts, not minutes, I expect.'

There is a type of hearer I have met who has a pet topic.

Touch on such subjects as Total Abstinence, Gambling, the Verbal Inspiration of the Scriptures, or the question of the Hereafter and they sit forward like dogs picking up the scent!

One dear soul, anxious to impress the preacher and others with her keenness on the Temperance Question, always sat craning forward lest she miss a word, exchanging looks of approval or disgust with her rather stolid husband. Woe betide that minister if his sermon did not come up to her standard of what a Temperance sermon should be! Keen as I am that our people should face this terrible problem which we study so little in our public sermons, I did sympathize with any one trying to preach with those eagle eyes upon him and that expressive face mirroring her every thought.

Without making ourselves or the preacher self-conscious, can we not really listen and show that we are listening?

Personally I have found it much easier to concentrate my own thoughts on the sermon since for years I have listened not only for myself, but for one very dear, who could never join in public worship. I find that I fix points, explanations, and illustrations far more definitely in my mind for this reason.

After all, sermons *are* meant to be listened to and remembered, or their influence is very evanescent.

Are *we* growing wiser in the best of lore, and better able to live worthily, through the sermons we listen to?

My Soul a Thorn!

By FREDERIC GREEVES, B.A.

I often thought—'How sad to see
A crown of thorns about Christ's Head!'
But *this* the thought that moves me now,
'Of that thorn-crown my soul is part;
My soul a thorn that bleeds His Brow,
My soul a thorn that breaks His Heart!'
Yet still I cling, though hard and dead,
I cling and cause His misery.

I cling! for Hope, at Love's behest,
Suggests the very Blood I shed
May love the thing that wastes it so,
May bathe this hard and hurtful thorn,
Bathe with its fertilizing flow,
Until, in rich, red beauty born,
The clinging thorn that hurt His Head
Becomes a flower upon His Breast!

Martha's Boy

The Fourth of the Tales of our Village

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

'I WANT arf a pound of streaky—and look slippy, Mr. Target!' said Tommy Giles, an undersized lad, and thin, but with a broad grin on his countenance, which indicated merriment rather than impudence.

Mr. Target the grocer, grey-haired and grey-bearded, who wore no coat, but was enveloped in a white apron of generous proportions, looked at the boy with kindly eyes, which were not without a suggestion of humour.

'I'm to look slippy, am I?' he commented as he reached down a piece of bacon and placed it on a slab of marble. 'Is your uncle in a hurry for breakfast this morning?'

'It's me, Mr. Target,' answered the boy. 'Why, I 'aven't put my teeth in a bit of bacon for many a day. I've only smelt it cooking! Golly! Won't it taste good! Uncle Martin holds with bloaters a lot; but he says we'll have bacon this morning, and he says, "Mr. Target's bacon's fine!"'

Mr. Target smiled as he cut the slices and put one after another in the scales.

'So you are going to live with your uncle and learn his trade,' he said as he put a half-pound weight into the scales. 'Better than learning his brother Bill's, I think. I wouldn't want to be a sexton, though I suppose I'll want one some day.'

'Yes, I'm going to learn cobbling; but Uncle Bill's trade has its points.'

Mr. Target looked up from the scales with a puzzled expression on his face.

'You see, Mr. Target, I couples doctors and sextons together, as the bigwigs of us others. One helps to bring us into the world, and 't'other puts us under ground at the end.'

The boy's eyes were full of that humour which rides roughshod over the drabness of slum life. Tommy's life up to the twelve years now to his credit had been mostly passed in the slums of various towns.

'It's early for you to be talking or thinking about being put under ground,' Mr. Target commented as he wrapped up the bacon.

'Don't know so much about that,' retorted Tommy. 'I've seen many a little chap no older than me run over and killed in

London. Mr. Target, who was the fine lady I saw come out of your side door? She was a stunner for looks!'

'That was my daughter, Lady Bretton,' replied the grocer proudly.

'Go on!' commented the boy incredulously.

'You ask your uncle,' was the rejoinder.

Tommy laughed. ''E says I do nothing but arsk questions,' he affirmed. 'But it's all so strange to me. I like it. I want to know about all the folks. I was never in the country before. You ain't got no picture-shows, nor no music-hall, and all's that different. But I like it, and I'm fair glad my mother told me to come to Uncle Martin. But my golly! I've blisters on my feet to beat the band, walking from Hastings here.'

'You'd best hurry back with those rashers,' advised the grocer.

'Right you are!' replied the boy, clattering off gaily in iron-tipped boots, the uppers of which had gaping wounds.

Mr. Target joined his wife in the kitchen behind the shop, where breakfast was ready.

'Didn't our Anna Maria look handsome this morning?' Mrs. Target remarked with pride. 'And think of her walking over here before breakfast to bring us partridges! She'll be only a day or two at Lady Laverdy's, she says, for she is going with Lady Bretton to the South of France, while Sir Cecil—her husband, I mean— (I somehow can't get my tongue round to say "Cecil" like he wants us to!)—while he is in Scotland shooting birds. Lady Bretton isn't well, and as our Anna Maria says, "I maided her for years before I married her son, and no one can do just what she wants like me. I shall persuade her to give her maid a holiday, so that I can do all for her myself." Now, that's like our Anna Maria—a good girl, though she did go off and get married, and keep us in the dark; yes, a good girl, and a loving daughter; not a bit stuck-up or ashamed of her humble parents.'

Mrs. Target poured out the tea while her husband served out hot sausages and fried potatoes from a pan on the stove.

'That boy of Martha Price's was remarking on our Anna Maria,' he said. 'He's just been in for some rashers. He said she was "a stunner," and asked who she was.'

'Poor little chap! I saw him pass the window. He looks half-starved,' said Mrs. Target sympathetically. 'I'll have to take a hand, I'm thinkin', for Martin Price is a bachelor, and has no woman to look to things. He'll want some woman to see to the lad's clothes a bit. I'll have a talk with Martin.'

'The little fellow is amazing cheerful,' Target remarked with his mouth full of sausage. 'I reckon those slum children have to be like that, or they'd snuff out. His mother died in hospital, Martin says. No one knows where his father is. He left Martha when Tommy was a baby, and she worked for a Jew at tailoring till she took ill. Seems she'd always kept money for Tommy's fare to Hastings, so he could come to his Uncle Martin if anything should happen to her. She had never given Martin her address. I saw Martin early this morning, when I took my boots in for him to fettle up. He told me all this, and he's fair set on the boy already. He was always fond of Martha, and it was a rare trouble to him when she married that man Giles and went to London.'

'She was in such good service too at Eastbourne,' sighed Mrs. Target. 'I always thought her such a superior girl; neat and tidy always, and dressed so quiet; nice-spoken too. Well, for her sake I'll look to Tommy a bit. Funny, isn't it, that Bill and Martin don't live together? Bill's wife's dead, and Martin a bachelor.'

'Bill's a queer chap,' pronounced Mr. Target. 'He's got that bit of a cottage right by the churchyard wall, and of an evening he walks about among the graves he's dug. Seems like he's more at home with the dead than the living. He don't play bowls. He don't go to the inn for a pint. I believe he wouldn't go to church, if it weren't in the churchyard. Now, Martin is different. He comes to our chapel, and sings so loud you can make out his voice among all the congregation. He can't play bowls because of his rheumatic legs, but he sits on the green and smokes his pipe of a summer evening, and passes his little joke. He's a friendly soul. There goes the shop bell!'

Old Target always took interruptions to meals pleasantly, as part of the routine of his simple life.

When he came back from the shop, he was smiling. He even chuckled a little.

'Anna! "speak of the angels and you see their wings," my old mother had that saying. We'd been talking of Bill Price, and, sure enough, it was him in the shop. Not that I rightly call Bill an angel neither. He'd come for some shag, and he was cheerful-like, for he'd a grave to dig for old widow Webb. He says, "Target, that'll be another friend for me in the churchyard. Them friends give you no 'back answers.'" Then he told me a rum thing. He said Widow Webb had bought a grave that was clean under the churchyard path as runs north. She'd left it in

writing that the path was to be made up over her like it was before, and that she'd been trodden on all her life, and it would be more home-like to be trodden on after she was dead! '

In the meantime Bill's brother Martin was frying bacon on the stove of his tiny kitchen, and had broken some eggs into the pan, contributed by the hens in his back garden.

Tommy had laid the table with last week's *Sussex News* for a tablecloth. His mouth watered as the contents of the frying-pan gave forth delicious odours. Poor Tommy had often had to make shift with a dry crust and a drink of weak tea, flavourless by reason of the same tea leaves having done duty before. But he had always said to his mother, ' It tastes fine! ' Young as he was, he had learnt ' to consume his own smoke.' He would at least contribute no gloom to the meagre repast. He managed to earn a shilling or two in odd ways to give to his mother who worked so hard for so little. He had longed to be a man and get a job that would keep his dear uncomplaining mother in comfort. But maybe God knew best, and took her where she'd never have to work again. The missioner in the East End had put a few comforting thoughts in Tommy's mind that stuck.

While Tommy had gone for the rashers, Martin Price had secretly removed a loose brick from the wall of the kitchen which was only unplastered brick with a coat of whitewash. The cottage was old, and the walls were of unmodern thickness. There was quite an excavation behind this loose brick, and within it reposed Martin's little hoard of savings. He had told Miss Miffit, the village dressmaker, that he wouldn't trust banks. Here, in the little old kitchen, was his bank. He withdrew from a huge leather bag some money—two treasury notes, each for a pound. Then from an inner bag he took some silver. There was another inner bag, containing gold coins. This he never drew from.

The carrier would be going to Hastings to-morrow. Martin would shut up his shop, and take the lad there and rig him up a bit. He must have a decent suit to go to chapel in next Sunday. He knew a shop in the old town that sold boy's clothes good and cheap. Martha's boy had got to be cared for. He had never been able to help Martha, for she had never given him an address; but she would know where she was that he was doing well by her boy.

Over breakfast he told Tommy of his plans. ' You shall have a squint at the sea too,' his uncle told him, ' and maybe a bit of Hastings Rock.'

Tommy was jubilant. He was in luck. How he would try to help his uncle!

Characteristically he did not express his thought. He had learned in a hard school, and had a sublime contempt for 'hot air,' as he called mere words and promises. He must do things, not talk about what he meant to do.

'I can't read nor write,' his uncle next said; 'so I couldn't have wrote to your mother, not if I'd had her address. But Mrs. Target would have wrote for me.'

'I can!' exclaimed Tommy. 'And I can do sums, so I'll be able to help you that way.'

'Then maybe I'll take a newspaper, and you can read me the news,' said old Martin delightedly. 'I have old newspapers I buy to wrap up the boots and shoes. They come in for tableclothes too. But I'll have a proper daily paper, and Mr. Jefferson—he's the Wesleyan minister—would lend me some books. We'll have rare evenings this winter coming along.'

Breakfast over, Tommy cleared the table and washed up. He was whistling a popular air as he hurried with his work. Martin felt quite cheered up to hear him. He began to realize how lonely he had been.

After the washing up was done, they went to the tiny shop to work. Small though it was, there was room for the thin little lad to work on a stool beside that of his uncle. He was given his own shoes to patch, and patiently taught. Tommy astonished him. This lad needed very little teaching. He was certainly a very sharp lad. But Martin felt an undefinable uneasiness. The sharpness of Tommy's had been learned in a very undesirable school—the streets of big towns. He was certainly a very nice boy outwardly, but what evil he must have learned too! Martin had heard about the infamy which children learnt in the streets of big towns. He was anxious, and felt the weight of responsibility of this boy—Martha's boy—suddenly thrust upon him. At a missionary meeting once he had heard a missionary say that these poor little waifs of London streets became thieves so often without knowing it was wrong at all. He found himself wishing his brother the sexton was 'different.' If Bill had been like some brothers, he would have gone to him and talked things over about Martha's boy. But Bill never encouraged intimacy. He rarely set foot in Martin's cottage; and if he did come, he never sat down. Bill was more friendly to the dead than to the living. Martin never visited Bill's cottage—now. Years ago, after the old mother and father had been laid in the

churchyard, Martin had looked in on Bill. But Bill had shown very plainly that he resented an intrusion on his solitude; so the visits automatically ceased.

Mrs. Target had come in and carried off some of Tommy's ragged underwear to see if they were past mending after the wash-tub ordeal; and Miss Miffit had come round to tell Martin that if he'd get a bit of stout material she'd run up some shirts for Tommy on her machine 'for love.' So Martin found some comfort and consolation from these two women.

It was after the visit to Hastings in the carrier's cart, that Martin was aware of what he chose to consider Tommy's 'besetting sin.' Tommy would stop to look outside the cinemas and devour the pictures displayed outside. His eyes were almost ravenously fixed on these alluring pictures. 'I'd sooner see the pictures than have some Hastings Rock, uncle,' he had said.

'Well, you've seen 'em, haven't you?' his uncle had replied.

'I mean *inside*,' Tommy had told him.

And Martin had made the discovery that when luck came his way, and he earned a bit extra in London days, he had gone to the 'Pictures' with some more boys.

Tommy's spirits had gone down when his uncle informed him that he believed such places were bad for boys. But the lad made no comment.

Some weeks went by. Tommy worked with a will. His cheerfulness won him friends in the village. He began to take an interest in his personal appearance, and polished his boots every morning.

'What a smart little lad your nephew is,' remarked Mr. Jefferson, the Wesleyan minister, one morning, when he encountered Martin leaving his shop to go in to dinner.

'Yes, sir, he's all that, and he's amazing thoughtful for me; does things for me you never think'd come into a boy's head. But I'm not easy about him no more for that. You see, sir, he ran the streets of big towns. Lads learn what they shouldn't that way. I'm always afearing something'll crop up sometime upsetting-like.'

The minister smiled, half humorously, half sadly.

'My good Martin, don't encourage nightmares,' he said. 'Both my wife and I think Tommy has come out extraordinarily unspotted from city streets. A boy must have some amusement, you know. I will lend him some books; and if you will spare him in the evening sometimes I will teach him chess, and my wife will give him some music. You say he is always singing or

whistling tunes. He is a very intelligent little fellow. Mending shoes won't be enough for him.'

'It's had to be enough for me, sir,' said Martin a little sententiously.

'Come now, Martin, you like to go on the Green and see them play bowls.'

Martin had to acknowledge this.

'So,' went on the minister, 'Tommy must have a little interest outside work.'

So it came about that Tommy for the first time in his life entered into a refined and happy home. Mrs. Jefferson had lost her only child, and the advent of Tommy was to her more of a balm than she knew. She found that he had a beautiful singing-voice, so she taught him some songs and played the accompaniments on her piano. This was a joy unspeakable to Tommy. He thought of Mrs. Jefferson as a saint whose picture he had once seen in a shop window. He opened his heart to her, and she found it clean. This was how it came about that Tommy became a member of the chapel choir.

But old Martin was still assailed by doubts and fears. This boy he had begun to love more than he was aware of might any day develop some unexpected vice. The school of city streets where he had received so much of his education, must have affected his character.

There was only one bedroom in the cottage, and Martin had never occupied it of late years, though it was furnished comfortably, the reason being that he was always worrying over his bit of money hidden so cunningly in the brick wall of the kitchen. Some tramp might have seen him through a nick in the blind taking out his money to count it. He did this every night. When he slept in the bedroom, he often got up to see if his 'bank' had been broken into. Once he found himself touching the brick in the dark, and did not know how he had got there. He decided that he came in his sleep. So after that he made a journey to Hastings in the carrier's cart and purchased a second-hand chair bedstead in George Street. This he placed in the kitchen, and slept on it by the bank contentedly. In the morning he converted his bed into a chair.

Tommy had begged to sleep in the kitchen. 'It ain't right, uncle, me having the bedroom and you pigging it in the kitchen,' he protested.

But Martin stood firm. He would continue to sleep in the kitchen. He never looked at his precious savings till he had made

sure Tommy was asleep, and had softly closed the bedroom door.

But Tommy, with that cuteness gathered in city streets, sensed that his uncle had some secret occupation after he himself was in bed. He was more than once aware of his uncle's stealthy visits to his room and of the carefully-closed door. A boy's curiosity welled up in him. He would pretend to be asleep and peep through the nick of the ill-fitting door, and see what his uncle did. So he saw the removal of the brick, and the abstraction of a leather bag from the wall. He saw the counting of the little hoard.

Tommy chuckled under the bedclothes after surprising his uncle's secret. To his boyish mind it was all as funny as the 'Pictures.'

Then he suddenly stopped chuckling, and became very serious. What if someone else saw what he had seen? That old kitchen blind sagged and left a bit of window uncovered, if it wasn't drawn down mighty careful! And, anyway, there was a bit of a tear in it that any one could see through. 'Them savings ud be a lot safer in Target's post office,' he told himself. He had a good mind to tell his uncle so next morning.

Next morning came, and Tommy dressed hurriedly and went to find his uncle. But his uncle was nowhere to be seen. 'Maybe he's gone to Target's for something for breakfast,' Tommy surmised. Then he laid breakfast, and put a kettle on to boil.

But Martin had not gone to Target's. He had gone to the minister's house in great trouble. He was opening his heart in Mr. Jefferson's study, and great tears were making a devious course along the furrows of his face, dropping unheeded on the gnarled hands clasped together almost convulsively.

'The loss of my bits of savings ain't nothing to my loss of faith in the lad,' he broke out. 'And it would have been all his, anyway. I always was scared that he'd show up some of his street learning sometime; and I've growed that fond of him. Why, sir, I'd give it all to know he wasn't a thief!'

The minister laid a kindly hand on the old man's shoulder.

'Don't you think you are going a bit too fast, Martin?' he asked gently. 'Your money is gone, you say; but you have no right to believe Tommy took it. Both my wife and I have great faith in Tommy. We know him to be a good honest lad. He is not capable of such ingratitude—such a mean crime. Martin, you are doing the lad a great—a cruel injustice.'

'But, sir, it must be him,' groaned the old cobbler. 'He must

have spied on me and seen me take out the bag; and then, poor lad! the temptation came to him through what he'd learned in the streets, and weren't strong enough.——Don't you go for to think, sir, I'd turn on him for it. I wouldn't hurt a hair of his head. He were Martha's boy. He's my boy now. I come here to ask your help about him, how I can best learn him to do right. This morning, when I got up, and just thought I'd have a look at the bag,—it's a way I got, sir,—and I found it gone, it fair broke my heart—not for me, sir, but for the lad.'

'Martin, I understand,' said the minister. 'I am not blaming you. But you must not judge the boy without proof. My wife is a very good judge of character, and she has a very high opinion of Tommy. She said only yesterday, "That child has touched tar without being defiled. He has kept clean in dirty streets." '

Just then, the little maidservant knocked at the door of the study.

'It's Bill Price, sir, wanting to see his brother.'

The sexton had followed close on the girl's heels, and pushed his way in uninvited. He seemed angry and excited.

'Now, Bill, sit down quietly,' said the minister, wondering what new trouble was to be unfolded.

'Thank you, sir; but I'll stand. I don't feel like sitting. I want to know what Martin means by prowling round my place last night, and hiding his money-bag in my tool-shed. It's Benjamin's sack, it is, done all over again! He never liked me, but—why play me a dirty trick like that? I've done him no harm! I reckon he's come to say I stole his money. Miss Miffit told me she saw him come in here. Yes, I saw him with my own eyes, sir, hiding his money-bag in my shed. He's come here to get you to search my place, and have it found, and call me a thief. But here is his bag, sir, and I'd like him to count his money—a dirty trick, I call it! Give me dead friends, I says: my friends in the graveyard don't play dirty tricks on me! I don't want living friends! And, sir, he must have thought of it when he was in bed, and run right off to do it. He didn't so much as dress hisself! Why, the marks of his bare feet are plain on the mud up my path right to the shed! '

Bill stopped for want of breath, and mopped his brow with a red handkerchief.

Martin's face was a study in bewilderment. He stared dumbly.

On the minister's face a smile broadened. His eyes twinkled.

'Can't you see, both of you, who are such ready accusers, that

Martin did this in his sleep? Martin comes to me to tell me that poor Tommy has yielded to temptation and stolen his money. You, Bill, come here to accuse your brother of what you term a "Benjamin sack" trick on you, to get you accused of theft. What it all comes to is this. Martin very foolishly hides his savings instead of putting them in the Post Office Savings Bank. He is always in fear lest he lose his money. He takes it out continually to make sure it is safe. It gets on his nerves so much, that during sleep he carries it off to find a fresh hiding-place. Your shed happens to be the spot selected.'

Bill scratched his head, then he said slowly, 'Now I come to think of it, Martin did walk in his sleep when he was a lad. You are right, sir.'

'Now, Martin,' said the minister almost, but not quite, severely, 'Tommy must never know of your unjust suspicion. He would never quite trust you again. He is very much attached to you; and if he knew that you had suspected him of such a wicked, mean action, I feel he would lose much of his present affection for you. Also it would be to him a cruel blow.'

Mrs. Jefferson came in just then in her pleasant, breezy way, and exclaimed, 'Here is Tommy come to tell me he can't find his uncle. He's quite upset, poor little boy. Come in, Tommy, and speak for yourself!'

Tommy entered, all excitement.

'Uncle, your breakfast's cooked solid! and I've been looking everywhere for you because I want to tell you to put your money in the Post Office. It ain't safe where you keeps it. I saw you get it out last night.'

'We'd better all go to breakfast,' said Mrs. Jefferson, glancing brightly at her husband.

'You come and have a bit with us, Bill,' said Martin.

TRIUMPHS OF THE CROSS

Dr. Carruthers will describe in May the celebrations of the Missionary Centenary in Tonga, when 3,000 natives attended the services, 2,000 being present at a 5 o'clock morning prayer-meeting.

The portrait of Queen Salote and her husband, the Prince Consort, Williami Tungi, will be the frontispiece to the number.

Spiritual Healing

By LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD, M.A.

OTHER METHODS OF HEALING

THE one service which Christian Science has rendered has been to keep in the foreground a conception of the enormous power of the mind over the body; this is a contribution of great value. Yet we do not need Christian Science to tell us that in these days. When Dr. Hadfield can produce a blister by suggestion—when (as recently at Harrogate)—a man can kill his enemy by forcing him to drink a glass which only contained chalk and water, but which was thought to contain poison—when a man can nearly die in the belief that he had swallowed his false teeth, afterwards found in his pockets, we do not need the cures of Christian Science as evidence, though they do form part of such evidence.

Consider the following case from Dr. Wenyon's own experience:

'I was home on furlough at the time, and one day, in London, a good old lady, a perfect stranger to me, but belonging to the Methodist Church, came to see me. She was suffering from a well-developed form of cancer of a type now recognized as curable by the agency of X-rays, but at that time looked upon as fatal. She told me that she had prayed for recovery, and that the Lord had told her to come to me, because I was a minister of the gospel as well as a doctor. I examined her, and at once in my mind put down the case as hopeless. But she was so confident that I could do something for her, that I was unwilling to turn her away discouraged. So I wrote out a prescription for a simple tonic, gave her my good wishes, and sent her off. Two months later, to my intense surprise, she came back with the whole trouble gone. It was entirely her faith that had cured her. There was absolutely nothing in the medicine, and certainly I felt no faith in her recovery. If she had gone to a quack doctor, and the same result had occurred, he would have advertised the wonderful efficacy of his drugs. But it was her simple, childlike confidence that God could cure her through my agency that brought about her recovery.'

If the superstructure built above that basis seems to many of us unsound, we must not forget that the basis is sound if simply expressed. I think the superstructure is exceedingly unsound.

' Science and Health.'

I cannot understand the enthusiasm shown for Mrs. Eddy by intelligent people. Janet, in his great work on Psychological Healing recently translated into English, tells us in his first volume (p. 55) that she was a hysterical woman of no education, who purloined all the material for her book *Science and Health* from the writings of a quack called Quimby, and that she ransacked the dictionary for unusual and grandiloquent words in which to express herself. Spofford, who revised *Science and Health,* says that her manuscripts were utterly incomprehensible, and he had to rewrite them all. How people can give a moment's allegiance to a woman, married thrice and divorced once, who was fined for plotting to put Spofford to death, and who has perpetrated the most insane collection of absurdities and contradictions ever foisted on a gullible public, passes comprehension. Perhaps this should not be said without an illustration. In *Science and Health,* page 338, we read this illuminating comment. ' Divide the name " Adam " into two syllables, and it reads a dam or obstruction. This suggests the thought of something fluid or mortal mind in solution.'

Mr. Hickson's Services.

Let me add a paragraph on another method of ' spiritual healing ' common at the moment. I refer to the healing services conducted by my friend Mr. Hickson. One ought to say that Mr. Hickson is no quack, no frothy emotionalist, but one who has a robust faith in God and in the belief that God's will for men is health. I confess that his method gives me some misgivings for the following reasons:

1. In a case, which I afterwards tackled, the mass suggestion of diseases made on the mind of a patient at a service crowded with ill folk was greater than a suggestion of health made by Mr. Hickson in the brief moment when his hands were laid on her head.

2. The distinction I have carefully made between physiogenic and psychogenic disease is not taken into consideration. People come long distances who ought to be in bed, and I have heard the chairman of the Guild of Health say that more people are made worse than the two per cent. who report improvement. For we must bear in mind the awful depression of a patient for whom the service is, in their view, the last ray of hope.

3. The emphasis on faith makes a patient tend to discredit his own faith, when it may be a lack of suggestibility. For instance, a man of sound faith may be unhealed, and a

hysterical girl of no faith be healed; and the former may discredit his faith and mourn his lack of it, when he may be far nearer to God and stronger in faith than those who are healed —the cure depending on other factors.

I think the individual way is best: a patient probing of the causes of the trouble on scientific psychological lines, tracing it back to its historical origin, a discovery of the emotional complex from which it springs, a readjustment of the emotion to healthy present activity, and a reassociation of the idea repressed with religious suggestions controlled by the conscious mind. It should be understood that this presupposes that a doctor has seen the patient, and that if possible he has definitely stated that the trouble in his opinion is psychological or religious.

Should the Minister be a Healer?

My last section endeavours to deal with the question, ' Is this the job of the minister? ' To that question my own answer is an emphatic ' Yes.' And my reasons are as follows:

1. The kind of treatment I have described is not normally within the sphere of the doctor, whose very training and experience through history lead him to look at illness from a materialistic point of view and to rely on methods of cure which only apply to physiogenic disease. The words of Prof. J. G. Mackenzie, Professor of Psychology at Paton College, Nottingham, are worth quoting here. He says, ' Can the minister give anything more than sympathy? '

' Is he not poaching on the preserves of the medical adviser if he attempts anything more? The fact of the matter is, that in cases where psychotherapy is the only possible treatment, it is the medical man who is encroaching on the preserves of the pastor. The successes of the psychotherapist are achieved, not because he has a thorough knowledge of general medicine, nor even because of his knowledge of neurology, but in virtue of his pastoral ability.' The average doctor is wholly incompetent to deal with these cases, inasmuch as his training compels him to interpret symptoms in terms of structural and nerve impairment, whereas the great majority of them have their roots in a moral conflict. ' The time has come,' concludes Professor Mackenzie, ' when every minister ought to have some knowledge of the psychology of the human soul; when he ought to receive in his curriculum a thorough grinding in the conflicts which lead to the divided soul; when he ought to know the principles of mental healing.'[1]

[1] *Methodist Recorder*, March 20, 1924.

2. My second reason is that it is more important to have a knowledge of religion, both the theoretical side which we call theology and the practical side gained in the school of experience, than a knowledge of physical structure. This importance derives from the undoubted fact that the strongest positive suggestion we can ever make is a religious suggestion. Case after case could be proved to show this. Moreover, you do not need medical knowledge—at least, this is my contention—because if you are wise you will not take up any case until a doctor has both seen it and declared that the origin is other that physiogenic, remembering that the brain—as distinct from the mind—may be the seat of physiogenic trouble. Physiogenic trouble is the sphere of the physician or surgeon; but psychogenic trouble—especially that caused by disharmony of the soul with God—ought to be the realm of the minister. Again, the buried trouble is often a repressed *sin*. That is the minister's job surely.

3. Why not the psycho-therapist? Because in the first place he does not *ex hypothesi* know how to apply religious suggestion, and because in the second place the intimate places of people's minds ought not to be entered by any one save one ordained and set apart, not only by God, but, after examination, by people themselves. I believe hypnosis and psycho-analysis, and even the hearing of confessions, to be highly dangerous in the hands of people who are unscrupulous, or, to put it more kindly, who are not of acknowledged purity of purpose.[1]

4. We are not to be interested in the physical disabilities people suffer, but in that disharmony of soul which is their cause. Ideally the religious man ought to be more disturbed to know of his sins than that he has contracted a disease. Putting away all cant phraseology, there is no comparison between our mental states when told, ' You have a proud and unforgiving spirit,' as with our mental state when told, ' You have got cancer.' Yet, in the eyes of God, is it not true to say that the former is much more serious and grievous? As ministers we must seek the diseases of the soul, and cure them. If in so doing we relieve bodily disability, so much the better; but that ought almost to be incidental to our quest.

5. Most of us have deplored the loss of members who have ' gone over ' to the Christian Scientist. The remedy is not to

[1] Note in this connexion that we may learn much from Freud, and even use his methods, without mentally assenting to all his conclusions.

wring the hands, or implore them on bended knee to return to the true fold, but to show that our view of practical religion embraces everything of value in Christian Science without its absurd theories, and worse than absurd practices of refusing the help of a doctor under any circumstances and alleging the unreality of pain.

The following passage from John Wesley's *Journal*, May 12, 1759, is not without relevance in conclusion:

'Reflecting to-day on the case of a poor woman, who had continual pain in her body, I could not but remark the inexcusable negligence of most physicians in cases of this nature. They prescribe drug upon drug, without knowing a jot of the matter concerning the root of the disorder. And without knowing this, they cannot cure, though they may murder the patient. Whence came this woman's pain? (which she would never have told had she never been questioned about it). From fretting for the death of her son. And what availed medicine whilst that fretting continued? Why then do not all physicians consider how far bodily disorders are caused or influenced, by the mind; and in these cases, which are utterly out of their sphere, call in a minister?'

Wesley's question must be answered, if only because it is being asked more and more insistently. My own experience is that people will gradually come to the minister as a doctor of the soul, which surely he ought to be. If any man would give his spare time to a study of the subject for five years, with that study and the collected experience of that period, he could become efficient in this part of our work. May I say what a thrill it adds to the pastoral side of work to recognize in conversation, probias, obsessions, &c., and be able to deal with them. What romance it adds to what some regard as the least interesting side of the minister's task!

We all remember Macbeth's question,—

> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?

In Shakespeare's play the doctor's answer is an evasion. He says:

> Therein the patient must minister to himself.

But that is just what he cannot do. He needs someone who

'bucks him up,' as we say,—who 'puts his finger on the place and says thou ailest here and here'—who stimulates his will, kindles his imagination, who makes God real to him—who calls out from him a faith greater than unaided he can muster—whose radiant personality, aflame with God, fires his own with new hope, rekindled desire, reborn assurance.

People are still wistfully asking the question, 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?'

Very humbly, but with an inward certainty as strong as steel, the modern minister will have to learn to answer, 'By the power that Jesus revealed, the power He has given to us. *we can.*'

The Only Thing 'Not Done'

By CONRAD A. SKINNER, M.A.

The people who quote the busy bee as the paragon of the virtues forget that they owe the discovery of the habits of the interesting little body to some soul that had the grace of leisure to watch it! But we are feverish to-day. Our strength is dissipated in activity, in well-meant strife. We break ourselves against corner-stones because we fear that if they fall on us we shall be pulverized. 'In your patience ye shall win your souls,' and a good many other folk's as well. The passive strength of Christ was the great factor in His life, irreducible by all assaults—a refuge, an impregnable rock.

But with us in this generation the only thing 'not done' is to do nothing! Our holidays are mad scampers, our churches are hives of activity, our lives a multiplication of meetings and functions. If we travel on a ship, we find the crowd passing the time in the smoke-room and the card-room. Yet a few feet away, at the stern, in the bows, on the boat-deck, waits opportunity, the most lovely vistas of the limpid velvet night, the dark phosphorescent waters, stars, wonder. In the railway train we surround ourselves with ephemeral literature and snappy reviews, our insurance premiums against boredom. Yet, if we were to abandon ourselves to the moment, in the rhythm of the wheels, there might be waiting for us the very music of the spheres. Some of us have heard it, that wonderful music, myriad instruments, individually noticeable, yet so perfectly orchestrated, music that was never on earth.

Too much we are intent to pass the time, not use it. Boredom dogs us like a spectre. Some of us don't hear this music, some of us don't see these colours. Yes, but don't we wish we did? Without the desire there is not the gift. And, in the passing of Sunday, with its peculiar lull, a day when the very beasts in the pastures, the fields, the streams seem to take an added calm, a chastened beauty, in the passing of this day that we have known we lose more than we can ever regain.

'The Top of the World'

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

THAT is the title which Mrs. Welthy Honsinger Fisher gives to her vivid record of an Indian holiday. The book, which is beautifully illustrated, comes from the Abingdon Press at New York. Since 1920 Dr. Frederick Fisher has had his home in Calcutta as Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Bengal and the region up to the Himalayas. The record of their journey to the gateway of Tibet begins in the low plains of India. ' India,' says Mrs. Fisher, ' is not only a land of paradoxes, she is a continent. She has colossal poverty and great wealth; warlike Sikhs and Hindus who would not take any life—not so much as to eat an egg; she has great architectural beauty, and likewise seven hundred thousand mud villages; she has humid, low-lying plains—cities like Calcutta below sea-level—and yet she has Everest, whose proud white head towers up six measured miles into the heavens—the highest point on the earth's surface.'

An Indian Bazaar.

After a drive of a hundred and eighty-seven miles over jungle roads, the bishop and his wife reached Rajpur, and were told by the missionaries that it was only the beginning of the heat. To walk through the bazaar was an experience. The silence of ages filled the atmosphere. The street was lined with quiet, dignified, high-class shops. Climbing up five or six steps, you seemed to enter a silent mosque. There were no doors or front walls. Carved pillars of teakwood supported graceful Saracenic arches, carved to the overhanging eaves of the roof. ' I take off my shoes. Divans of Persian velvet and camel's hair are covered with spotless white. On all four walls hang large mirrors, into which one can gaze at oneself to heart's content; and here the customer sits, reclined on the soft padded cushions, smokes his leisurely *hookah,* and bargains half the day. The beautiful silks and *saris,* the highly ornamental jewellery, and the elaborate turbans are none of them in sight, and never until the social amenities have been attended to, will the merchant think of displaying his wares.'

A Village Welcome.

When they went in a Ford car to visit their mission in a village twenty-five miles away, the Indians came out to meet them, and hung garlands about their necks made not of flowers, but of candy! ' The local preacher's family had made the sweets, and

all but the lower piece in the centre were in the shape of the sacred pipal leaf, while the central one was the shape of the tail of the sacred fish. So for an hour I wore the sacred flora and fauna of India about my neck!' As the sun sank, the boys and girls from the schools and the Christians from the city gathered on the lawn of the mission house and sang songs made for the occasion. Beds were brought out that the visitors might get a few hours' sleep on the ground. Rooms were impossible; verandas were little better. Mosquito-nets were hung on four poles about five feet high over each bed. It was difficult to sleep with the glory of the stars above them, and Mrs. Fisher got up and walked about till she was able to rest.

A Trying Journey.

Next morning they gathered the mattresses and bedding, the mosquito-nets and cooking utensils, which have always to be carried by travellers in India, and got to the train in which they were to spend fifteen hours. They had the floor swept, dusted everything, and then the train started. They closed all the windows to shut out the sweltering heat. 'The hot wind howled outside against the window-pane like a blizzard, and we shivered with heat and thankfulness that we were secure from its searing blast. If we lay down, our pillows were soon dripping wet.' They had magazines, but could read little. At one station they bought fans; but it was a battle to exist until the sun went down and they dared to open windows and blinds. As they looked out, on every little path were tired but happy tillers of the soil going back to their village.

The Beauty of the Trees.

There are 5,180 different kinds of trees in Hindustan, and nowhere does a tree come to such beauty. Mrs. Fisher does not wonder that the pipal-tree is worshipped. 'Larger than a New England elm, fuller of leaf than a maple, tall and stately, it spreads out over a space large enough to entertain a large caravan, and throughout the year never ceases to give its generous shade to the grateful people, weary of their constant battle with the enervating heat.'

The banyan-tree in the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta has 399 aerial roots, and a regiment could rest under its shade. The wide roads that have carried the glory of Mogul emperors are lined with the most graceful and heavily-shaded trees.

A Closed World.

Tibet was strictly barred to the travellers. In Calcutta they had a visit from the head of the Dalai Lama's armies. A lovely

Princess Mary, who had been for three years in the Methodist Queen's Hill School in Darjeeling, and spoke English fluently, acted as interpreter. The girl was to go back after three years of freedom to the locked castles of Lhasa. The Tibetan said they had thought of letting 'you missionaries of Jesus come. For your message is one of love and friendship, and our people like you. But if we let you missionaries come, you teach our people to desire many things which they do not have, which our country does not have.' Traders would follow to supply these new wants; and when they needed protection, war would break out. 'Our flag is hauled down and trampled upon, and a European flag is in its place, and our country is no more. No, Sahib, we shall not let your people in even with the message of love. It is dangerous.'

The Missionary Eyrie.

At Darjeeling the travellers felt at home. Dr. Fisher had built a tiny nest there, that the missionaries and their families might escape the parching heat of the plains. From that little eyrie Darjeeling looked like a dream city. Once settled in their tiny home they planned their trip to the 'Top of the World.' Orchids were bursting forth from different parts of the trunks of the trees around them—'yellow orchids, white orchids, mauve orchids, purple orchids, orchids large and orchids small, hanging from these blessed trees, blossoming in all their delicacy and chastity.' Every morning there was a bowl of orchids on the little breakfast table which trailed to its four corners.

Up Towards Everest.

They secured a delightful Tibetan guide, who took entire control of the party. The ten women coolies wore mammoth turquoise ornaments and silver dog-collars, and had bracelets in plenty and anklets on bare feet. They had a clever cook, and two little syce who looked after the horses. The outcaste sweeper boy was a study. His smile and his dreams lifted him above his menial tasks.

God's Garden.

They spent the nights in dak bungalows provided for travellers. Dak means public, and these shelters were used as far back as the ninth century. The sure-footed ponies bore them safely along narrow and slippery paths. 'Ten thousand feet above the plain, on craggy heights, midst icy clouds, I strode the hills of God and found myself in His garden. He planned it, watered it, and gave increase. No human hand assisted Him, and few human eyes indeed have ever looked upon it.' At one rift in the clouds Mrs. Fisher counted seven ranges of mountains

covered with giant rhododendron-trees in bloom—carmine, purple, mauve, white. The mountains were on fire with them. Once, as she rode through this forest of beauty, she picked a cluster of pink rhododendrons which was a whole centre-piece in itself. It had twenty-six bell-like flowers on one stem, and each was the size of a tiger lily. Every tree seemed setting itself to match the grandeur of the mountains. 'Lilies of the valley, dogwood, and barberry, and verbineum, hydrangea, white rose, magnolia of many varieties, holly, wild mango, and a lotus-tree whose blossoms were mountain cousins to the "flamboyant" which is one of the most colourful bits of colourful India.' Paradise birds were on these heights, and all day long birds were singing as they passed on. One day myriads of orchid festoons hung down mile after mile in the forest. A little cowherd boy whom they met had an orchid button-hole that would have fetched fifty dollars in America.

Pious Buddhists.

Their guide was a devout Buddhist, who felt that God was around them everywhere, and the cook was a man of constant prayers. Prayer-wheels and cylinders met them along the way. At one great monastery a dozen women coolies came in bearing big boxes which contained parts of the 108 volumes of the Buddhist Bible, which had been read in a neighbouring village during a week's revival.

A Pathetic Companion.

Mrs. Fisher could never get Buddu, the little sweeper outcaste, out of her mind. She had visited villages of outcastes, but the pathos of their life never came home to her as when she saw this delicate little fellow with his gentle soul and his spirit of loving service. Once, when they rested in a forest clearing, one of the coolie women noticed the boy of ten sitting away from the rest with his back towards them. She knew he was hungry after nine miles of uphill march, and carried him a tin cup of hot tea; but he refused it. The guide and the cook offered him food; but he shook his head. 'Three thousand years of outcaste ancestry had made him refuse to eat in the presence of caste men; and finally, after all had finished, I turned my head. I saw them give him our plates as they would give them to a dog. And I realized for the first time what *scavenger* and *sweeper* and *outcaste* meant.'

After four days in the clouds, they turned back to the valleys of men, and soon found themselves in their eyrie at Darjeeling, refreshed in body and mind by their happy holiday in the gardens of God.

Daughters and their Fathers

By RAMSAY GUTHRIE

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, in a remarkable letter to Sir William Robertson Nicoll, confessed that he had ' a queer feeling of soft sympathy ' towards each new book he was called to review, and for this very good reason : ' I have a somewhat vivid imagination, and my mind pictures the anxious author when writing his book, and his anxiety as to how the Press will receive it, and the anxiety of his wife and of his children (*and especially of a certain pretty and sweet daughter whom I always credit him with*) who open the *Athenaeum* on Friday with fluttering fingers; and I cannot for the life of me attack the book, even when perhaps it ought to be attacked.'

I have italicized the words which specially impressed me. I can see the ' pretty and sweet daughter ' sharing her father's hopes and fears. Perhaps she had had something to do with the book. Perhaps she had taken it down at her father's dictation and typed the MS. for the publisher. In all probability she had taken it to the post office and duly registered it. She had rejoiced with her father when the book was accepted, and doubtless she had read some of the proofs. She was all excitement when the author's copies arrived. The dread now and the hope were the reviewers' verdicts. What would these great men say about her father's book? It is pleasing that the father had this ' pretty and sweet daughter ' by his side at this time of anxiety.

In the Realm of Fiction.

Watts-Dunton's vivid and kindly imagination was no mere idle fantasy. In the biography of a famous man there is often a daughter, not in the background, but standing by his side. That daughters owe a great deal to their fathers we know: it is equally true that fathers owe a great deal to their daughters.

William Makepeace Thackeray is a case in point. In *The Spiritual Drama in the Life of Thackeray* we see how much he owed to his eldest daughter, Anne Isabella, ' Miss Thackeray,' as she was known, when she herself became a novelist. The idea of *The Newcomes* came to Thackeray when he was with his children in Switzerland. He had long brooded about a novel which would contain ' certain people of his childhood.' While walking with his children in some fields near Berne, he left them

for a while. It was in this solitary musing that he saw his way. It had come to him in a flash. His daughter tells of this luminous hour: ' I can still remember that day, and the look of the fields in which we were walking, and the silence of the hour, and the faint, sultry summer mountains, with the open wood at the foot of the sloping stubble. My father had been silent and preoccupied when we first started, and was walking thoughtfully apart. We waited till he came back to us, saying he now saw his way quite clearly, and he was cheerful and in good spirits as we returned to the inn.'

The book was actually written in many places, and his daughter often acted as his amanuensis. Here is her account of a visit to Rome, the writing of the story still proceeding. She remembered ' writing for him on a marble table in a great room with many windows, and with walls hung with pictures and ornamented with swinging lamps and classic columns, with pigeons perched on the deep window-sills, voices called and *pifferari* droned from the street far below, and charming people came to call and to interrupt us—brides and bridegrooms, beautiful ladies, poets, muses, painters with beards and cloaks.'

By-and-by, when the Biographical Edition of her father's works was published, it was she (Mrs. Ritchie) who wrote what have been described as ' the charming introductions.' Thackeray in his earlier life had many anxieties and reverses, not the least being the sad mental trouble which befell his wife. He truly loved his children, and strove to make provision for them. In return they enriched him with their love and service. He knew what it was to have the confidence and faith, the pride and affection of a daughter by his side.

The Daughter of a Christian Scholar.

Professor Austin Phelps was widely known during his lifetime as the Professor of Rhetoric and Homiletics in Andover Seminary, and his text-book on *The Theory of Preaching* was used in many of the theological colleges of our own land. When I was a student, it was in our curriculum. It is the best book on sermons and sermonizing I have ever read. His wife was known, too, for her literary gifts, and her death was his greatest grief. Happily he had a talented and loving daughter, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. In her *Chapters from a Life* we see father and daughter together. She idolized him, and with every reason. She says: ' If I am asked to sum in a few words the vivid points of his influence, I find it as hard to give definite form to

my indebtedness to the Christian scholar whose daughter it is my honour to be, as to specify the particulars in which one responds to sunshine or oxygen. He was my climate. As soon as I began to think, I began to reverence thought and study and the hard work of a man devoted to the high ends of a scholar's life. His department was that of rhetoric, and his appreciation of the uses and graces of language very early descended like a mantle upon me. I learned to read and to love reading, not because I was made to, but because I could not help it. It was the atmosphere I breathed. . . . My father taught me most things without text-books or lessons. . . . I have never been more *interested* by anything in later life than I was in my father's conversation.'

For thirty years he knew suffering, yet, though an invalid, he did his work. Everywhere and always he was shielded and inspired by his daughter. Here is her loving admission: 'I can remember more often throwing down my pen to fly out and beg the children to be quiet in the garden while the sleepless man struggled for a few moments' rest in the daytime, or stealing on tiptoe to his locked door, at any hour of the night, to listen for signs of sudden illness or need of help.'

No wonder that, when her first book was published, *The Gates Ajar,* she, unknown to him, dedicated it to her father. Always she stood by him. When he had difficult meetings to go to—Faculty Meetings, for example—she sent him off with a word of cheer, or was waiting to welcome him with interest and hope.

In the World of Letters and Religion.

Stopford Brooke has an abiding place in the world of letters and of religion. His primer on *English Literature* has been of priceless worth to many. He was fortunate in his wife and his family. His home was a place of extraordinary beauty. 'Pictures confronted you everywhere, not in the rooms alone, but in the passages and on the stairways. There were Costas, Wilsons, and Legros in the dining-room; there were Turners and more Costas in the drawing-room; there were Burne-Jones, Gainsborough, Blake, Inchbold in the study. In the hall and on the landings were seascapes and landscapes, drawings, studies by great masters, etchings, engravings, prints innumerable. Every room had its scheme of colour, the hand of William Morris being much in evidence. Every piece of furniture, the hangings, the carpets, the candelabra, the chairs and tables, revealed the lover of fine workmanship and noble colour.'

His wife, Miss Emma Beaumont, died after sixteen years of wedded life, leaving him with a son and six daughters. He was only forty-two years of age when thus bereft. He reached his eighty-fourth year, surrounded by the affection of his family.

The place of the daughter is here again strikingly revealed. His life was written by his son-in-law, Dr. L. P. Jacks. In the preface he says: 'Among the family claimants to my gratitude the chief place must be given to my wife, the fourth daughter of Stopford Brooke, who has written out the whole text from my dictation, and suffered no word to pass unchallenged which, in her judgement, might leave a wrong impression on the reader's mind. It is to her that I would dedicate the book. Without her the biography of her father could not have been written by me.'

The Strength and Stay of the Home.

We have often seen the daughter who was the strength and stay of a father. Perhaps the mother was an invalid, and unable to undertake the public duties her position involved. The daughter took the mother's place, relieving, as much as might be, her mother's care, and making it easier for her father to render public service. Sometimes in the death of the mother the home would have been desolate but for the presence and love of the daughter. Many a man would have been lonely indeed except for the daughter who clung to him.

Some of Dora Greenwell's sweetest poems centre in these thoughts, for example, *The Old Family, Haunted Ground,* and *The Daughter of the Hall.* And who can forget Whittier's *The Minister's Daughter*? He was a Calvinist, and preached a God very different from the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. After such a sermon he had wandered in the meadows with his daughter, and called her attention to the beauty and goodness of God. But the child could not reconcile the God of the pulpit with the God of the fields and flowers, nor could she reconcile the character of such a God with the character of her own beloved father.

> 'O, I fear Him!' *said the daughter,*
> 'And I try to love Him too;
> But I wish He was good and gentle,
> Kind and loving as you.'

She taught her father a truer and diviner theology. She reached her thought of God through her knowledge of her father.

Happy the fathers with such daughters!

A Story of the Resurrection

By MARK GUY PEARSE

LET us try to make it real and living as of to-day. The Lord Mayor of Jerusalem has summoned the City Council on a matter of utmost urgency, and addresses them:

'You are doubtless aware that this arch-impostor, Jesus of Nazareth, whom we have already threatened with death, is again in the city. We must without delay take all measures to secure Him. I shall be glad to hear any suggestions on the matter.'

'Well,' says one, 'we must be very careful. He has many devoted followers. We must remember the crowded condition of the city at this time. A conflict with the people will give an excuse for the Roman authorities to take from us our few remaining privileges. There must be a force sufficient to prevent any interference on the part of the people. It will be well to ask the Roman Governor to send the centurion with a hundred soldiers, and fifty of our own police should go armed with swords and staves.'

So it was agreed. And the Lord Mayor adds, 'Understand one of his most intimate followers has accepted a bribe to betray Him so that there shall be no mistake.'

The meeting was dismissed.

A Midnight Scene.

Now it is near midnight. The Lord Jesus is in the Garden of Gethsemane, pacing to and fro; now hidden in the shade of the trees, now stepping forth in the clear light of the Passover moon. There is the coming of a crowd, and we see the gleam of torch and lantern. They have gathered at the garden gate—a great multitude with swords and staves. At once Jesus, facing them, says, 'Have you come out as against a thief and a robber? Here am I. Take Me.'

Enraged that they should have been sent on such an errand to find one who offers no resistance, but instantly surrenders, the soldiers roughly take hold of Him to bind their prisoner. Peter's eyes flash with indignation. Shall these brutal soldiers lay hands upon his Lord! Out flies his sword and he smites at one of them.

Think what would happen to-day if such a thing occurred. A coarse laugh greets him. 'Does he think he is going to fight the lot of us! Have at him.'

Peter's life was not worth a moment's purchase. Swords are drawn and staves uplifted. Then with the strange authority

which Jesus manifested at times, with outstretched hand He kept back the crowd. ' Let him alone,' He said, and Peter was saved.

And now the soldiers, used to all brutality on the battlefield, proceed to bind Him with the leather thongs. The gleam of torch and lantern fall on helmet and armour as they bend to pull the thongs, until the blood spurts from His wrists. And He, with face uplifted said, ' Thinkest thou not that I could even now pray to My Father in Heaven, and He should instantly give Me twelve legions of angels? ' This was the glory of the Lord Jesus. Others have been crucified as He was crucified, but none else ever went forth conscious that he had but to will it, and a splendid deliverance should immediately be his. ' No man taketh My life from Me,' said Jesus. ' I lay down My life.'

Then the soldiers go on their way with their prisoner bound and guarded, thrusting back the excited crowd as they move along the narrow streets to the Judgement Hall.

The Resurrection Not An Invention.

Let us try for a moment to imagine the resurrection of the Lord Jesus as an invention. Think of these simple fishermen coming together in their great grief.

' He is gone,' sighs one. ' And such an end to it all,' sighs another. ' What shall we do? '

Let us think if we can that one of them should say, ' Let us give it out that He is risen from the dead.'

If such a thing had been possible the suggestion might naturally follow that everything must be in keeping with it. Let an earthquake roll away the stone. And on it let an angel appear all white and glittering. As the women come at dawn to anoint His body with spices let the angel greet them with the tidings— ' He is not here : He is risen. Go, tell the disciples, and—— '

Now comes a pause. ' Go, tell the disciples, and—— ' They who had so lately disputed among themselves who should be the greatest would surely hesitate to name any for such a distinction.

' Go, tell the disciples and *His mother.*' That would do. Let her who had His last thought on earth have the message of this greeting. No, it is not that. Now is our imagination of such a patience utterly lost.

' *Go, tell the disciples and Peter.*' That had never been invented. Peter, who denied his Lord with oaths and curses! That is not the thought of any man. It is only from the lips and from the love of the Lord Jesus that there could come such a message. There is the sign manual of the Saviour, ' Go, tell the disciples *and Peter.*' That is not human; but utterly divine.

The women hurry on their way with the glad tidings, and meet with Peter. ' He is risen,' they say, ' and the angel bade us go and tell the disciples.'

Peter waves his hand as if to say, ' Go and tell them. I, alas, am no more one of the disciples.'

' And the angel said we must go and tell Peter.' Wondering, as if yet doubtful, he asks, ' Did he mention my name? '

' Yes, yours was the only name he mentioned. He said, " Go, tell the disciples *and Peter.*" '

What words can tell all that it meant to him?

' Oh, my Lord! Is my name on Thy lips! Hast Thou yet a place in Thine heart for me? '

Then again later in the day when the company were gathered almost afraid to believe the wonderful tidings of their Lord's resurrection, one came in with haste to confirm it—Christ is risen and hath appeared—we can think how eagerly they waited to know the name of one favoured above all of them—*hath appeared to Simon.* Simon! They had never denied Him as Simon had done. Their hearts were breaking with longing to see their Lord. What had Simon done that a second time he should be chosen for such a favour? Had their Master forgotten their more steadfast devotion?

Again it is not human—it is all Divine. Let us recall the Lord's parable of the lost sheep. ' What has become of the shepherd? ' said one and another of the ninety and nine. ' Gone away in haste, and I heard Him say He did not know when He would be back. He might have to go over the moors and through the floods, and might not be back until night.'

' Whatever for? ' said the rest of the flock.

' Why, for that silly sheep that went astray a little while ago.'

' Does He care more then for a silly sheep that goes astray than he does for us who have never gone astray at all? '

There is the story completely told. It is for the lost sheep that the shepherd goes seeking in all lonely and perilous places, seeking diligently; and when he hath found it he layeth it on his shoulders and bringeth it home with ' rejoicing.'

He does most for them that need Him most. He goes farthest off for those that have gone farthest off. He goes lowest down for those that have gone lowest down.

The story is one that the disciples could never have invented. It is not human; it is all Divine. As we read it we too rejoice in the triumphant fact—*He is risen.*

More About the Old Anthems

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

THERE are a few more anthems in the George Yard pamphlet which merit further comment. No. 25 is a sad example of what some 'hymn-menders' are capable of. In 1792 the Rev. T. Haweis, who, besides being one of Lady Huntingdon's chaplains, was also a poet and composer, published at Bath a collection of original hymns and music called *Carmina Christo*. One of the hymns commenced with the verse

O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes;
Dear Lord, remember me.

The music of this hymn is the well-known tune 'Richmond,' and it originally ended with a refrain. It was doubtless this fact that commended it to 'T.H.'s' notice when making his selection for the George Yard Methodists; but for some unknown reason the hymn is printed in a strangely disguised form, the first verse being

Great Source from whom all blessings flow,
To Thee for help I flee;
In all my complicated woe,
O Lord! remember me.

The other verses receive similar treatment, and a curious perversion is the result.

In the preface to his *Carmina Christo*, Haweis, who was at one time rector of Oldwinkle, Northamptonshire, gives a sad picture of the state of the music in a country church in his days. He says:

'Even in our public worship the voice of joy and gladness is too commonly silent, unless in that shameful mode of psalmody, now almost confined to the wretched solo of a parish clerk, or to a few persons huddled together in one corner of the church, who sing to the praise and glory of themselves, for the entertainment, or oftener for the weariness of the rest of the congregation—an absurdity too glaring to be overlooked, and too shocking to be ridiculous!'

Seagrave's hymn (No. 8) owed its long popularity both to its own merits, and also, in no small degree, to the somewhat rampant and rollicking music which some unknown composer wrote for it. The metre of the hymn is that known as 'sevens and sixes,' or 'Kingswood measure,' and in setting it to music the composer, who christened his tune 'Dartford,' gave full reins

to his fancy. Here is the first verse of the hymn which, by the way, never found its way into a Methodist collection:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace,
Rise from transitory things
Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

In his music the composer repeated the third and fourth lines; and then, having set the fifth line, he embarked on a series of repeats, with this result:

Time shall soon this, Time shall soon this, Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise my soul and Rise my soul and Rise my soul and haste away,

and then the music comes to a triumphant conclusion. With a view to securing a suitable rendering of his strains, the composer has given directions for soft and loud singing alternately, which may tend to give variety to the music, resulting, however, in a total disregard of the significance of the words. 'Dartford' is certainly an extreme example of vain repetitions, though it by no means stands alone.

JAMES LEACH, OF ROCHDALE.

Perhaps the most famous of the composers whose music was sung at this George Yard Chapel is James Leach, whose 'Promised Land' (No. 7) is a setting of one of Wesley's hymns for children, arranged for duet and chorus. This Lancashire composer's music had a long run of popularity, and his memory is still treasured by those who have heard or sung his tunes and anthems. His music was greatly loved by Methodist singers, and he certainly deserves a prominent place in our story.

James Leach was born in the village of Wardle, near Rochdale, in a small cottage close to the Methodist chapel, in which he subsequently commenced his successful career. The village was a musical one, and it was amongst 'players on the fiddle, clarionet, flute, blowers, horseleg, and serpent wrostlers, players on the brass trumpet, and singers,' that the youngster spent his early years. Of all these musicians the most famous was Isaac Bamford, known generally as 'Owd Isaac'; and the boy's joy was unbounded when the great man undertook to give him lessons. At first young Leach did not evince much curiosity about musical terms and phrases, but as he grew older his interest was awakened, and the questions he put to his tutor on the subject of fugue, part writing, and other mysteries pertaining

to the art, greatly puzzled Owd Isaac, who began to find that he was being taken out of his depth. Whilst he was busy at the loom, Leach did not neglect his music, and when he reached his eighteenth year he began to compose, his first effort being a setting of the hymn ' The Lord my pasture shall prepare.' Soon after his marriage he showed some of his tunes to his wife, and their merits were carefully discussed by the young couple. Leach did not imagine that a humble musician born in a little place like Wardle could ever take rank with ' those great folk as can make music live for hundreds o' years.'

' Why not,' argued his wife, who pointed out that every musician had to be born somewhere, and what was the matter with Wardle? At last Leach made up his mind. He prepared band parts of his tunes, and got the local musicians to play them, the result being that his fame soon began to be spread abroad. Tunes like ' Mount Pleasant,' ' Pisgah,' and ' Oldham ' struck a new note in psalmody, and the graceful outlines of the melodies made a prompt appeal. It is on record that in the spring of 1788 John Wesley visited the village, and after holding a service he asked where the tunes they sang came from, and who the composer was, as he had never heard them before. Leach's uncle, who was a Methodist local preacher, introduced his nephew to Wesley, who praised his work, and spoke kind words of encouragement to him.

The young musician had now come to the parting of the ways; and after carefully considering his chances, he relinquished his occupation in the weaving-shed and commenced a new career as a professor of music. A great farewell ' sing ' was organized in his native village, his own compositions filling the programme, and off went Leach and his wife to take up their residence in Rochdale.

One would scarcely look in the *Arminian Magazine* of those days for musical paragraphs, nor would one expect its three leaves of advertisements to help the historian of music. It was therefore a pleasant surprise, on searching the pages of the late eighteenth-century volumes, to find useful information about Leach and his tune-books. There were good reasons for using the *Magazine* for advertising purposes, for it had a very wide circulation in the towns and villages of the land; so that Leach was therefore well advised to advertise his musical productions therein. The first collection of his compositions, which he called *A New Sett of Psalm and Hymn Tunes,* entered the world unannounced in 1789, the Preface being dated from Rochdale.

Happiness in the Home

THE ART OF KNOWING WHEN YOU ARE WELL OFF

By GABRIELLE GARTH

I REMEMBER being very much impressed long ago by reading *The Confessions of a Woman after she Became Fortunate*. It was an unsigned article in, I believe, an American journal. The article was extraordinarily frank. Nowhere was a straining after effect in evidence. The simplicity of the diction was in itself an appeal to the reader.

' Endless Toil and Endeavour.'

This woman told the story of her early married life, when she and her husband struggled to bring up a small family on small means. There was ' the endless toil and endeavour.' Servantless, this woman began her day at dawn, but ended it long after sunset, even on summer evenings, for the next day had to be prepared for at night—and it was then that the mending and making of clothes had to be done.

This home was a cottage, quite in the country, set in a garden which the husband cultivated himself in the evening after his day's work. He grew the vegetables for the family but he grew flowers as well. That garden was very beautiful. There were bowers of roses and honeysuckle. Lilies and carnations made the air sweet in their season; and the hum of bees in the bed of mignonette made music in summer.

This husband must have been a very kindly and good man. He spared his wife all he could where toil was concerned. He drew the water from the well for the day's needs before going to his office, which meant a five mile cycle run. He lighted the kitchen fire and made tea for his wife at daybreak. He polished the boots and chopped the firewood, and did many small services which helped the little woman he loved. But she, who had been brought up in a well-to-do home, and had married a poor man for love, often pined secretly for ' the fleshpots of Egypt.'

To do her justice, it was not things for herself she wanted, half so much as things for her husband and her children. She sometimes grieved over the walk her sturdy children had to take in all weathers to school in the village two miles away. On Sundays, however, a friendly farmer took the whole family to their place of worship in a ramshackle victoria, drawn by a cart-horse. This the children looked upon as a grand outing.

But the mother always sighed secretly over their shabby clothes, and possibly a little over her own, though that to her counted as much less. She felt acutely that ' her man ' whom she loved had to wear an overcoat which all the mending, cleaning, and pressing could not make smart.

A Different View-Point.

The other side to this picture only became visible to her after ' she became fortunate.' Her husband came into money—not a little money, but wealth. He was a younger son of a great family, and, by the death of his father and two elder brothers in a shipwreck, he came into a title and estates. It is not at all uncommon for younger sons of great families to ' rough it ' in some out-of-the-way spot. I myself encountered more than one such in the Canadian prairie.

So the writer of these Confessions found herself carried as on a magic carpet to an ancestral castle in Scotland, and found herself addressed as ' My Lady.' There, in a wonderful home with a retinue of servants, she wrote her Confessions. She wrote them in her luxurious boudoir, near a window overlooking a fine park where deer wandered.

If in the days of straitened means she had longed for ' the fleshpots of Egypt,' now that she had them she longed infinitely more for those simple cottage days. In those dear days she had her children ' all her own.' Now hirelings washed and dressed them. There were days when she scarcely saw them, because of social demands upon her time. This wounded her to the heart.

But even more, she felt that she no longer possessed her husband as in those dear cottage days, when she watched at the door for his home-coming in the evening—those days when she cooked his meals and mended his clothes. His new responsibilities used up his time, as social engagements did hers. They did not love each other less, but the dear intimacy of other days had gone. Many ties were broken. The ' sharing,' which had meant so much in old days, had gone. Now she had jewels with which to deck herself—jewels he had given her; but she pined for those days when she had only flowers to wear—flowers he had brought in for her from that cottage garden.

True Riches.

So many of us don't know when we are ' well off.' We are well off if we are in a home where love is, be it never so poor. We are well off when we have the supreme privilege of toiling in the service of those we love. We are well off when we have learned to be grateful for what we have, and not to resent

limitations. We are well off when we realize wherein true happiness lies. True happiness is always born *within* us, and never comes from *outside*. Money cannot buy it. Money is often a golden door bolted and barred against happiness. Was it not said, ' It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God '?

Wealthy women who can order and pay for anything they fancy do not get half the enjoyment out of their possessions, as do those women who have to save up the pennies to buy some longed-for object. The woman who can furnish her home luxuriously all at once can never experience the real joy a woman gets in building up her home little by little, adding or renewing this or that as she can contrive it. A home so built up has a ' friendliness ' which even inanimate objects can emit. A woman who has had to wait and to work to fill the gaps in her furnishings feels a ceaseless pleasure in her home. Nothing is truly enjoyed unless it has really cost the possessor something.

The Art of Living.

Since the war so many purses have grown thin, and one sometimes hears women lamenting. After all, it is on the woman that the real stress of limited means falls. She has the continual fight to make ends meet which were never meant to meet. But her lot would be infinitely easier if she would open her eyes to the fact that *she is well off*.

She is well off. She is given grand opportunities which could never come to her if she were rich in this world's goods. Her character can develop into something admirable, if she can face her life in a contented, cheerful spirit, making the best of the circumstances in which she finds herself. This spirit in her will react on her household. Every member of her family will be unconsciously influenced by her attitude of mind.

Quite apart from the moral influence of a woman who is strong in her integrity and her faith and trust in God, there is a salutary effect on her household *physically* if she is always bright and cheerful. Who does not know the depressing effect of a ' wet blanket ' in the home? If the woman who is at the head of the household allows herself to be a ' wet blanket,' can she wonder if her husband is snappy and her children quarrelsome?

As a last word, I would say to my sister women, Make up your minds that you are really well off. You are. God places us in the very circumstances which are best for us if we use them properly.

Next month—'She of the Plain Face.'

Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS

'The World to which Christ Came.'

THIS is a survey which could only have been undertaken by a scholar of unusual knowledge and insight. Leading around the habitable globe, Mr. Frank Richards, M.A., starts from Judaea, which in its narrower meaning stretched from the Mediterranean to the mountains of Moab across the lower Jordan and the Dead Sea, and from the borders of Samaria to the Negeb in the south, which sloped to the Arabian Desert. Continuing the journey through Samaria, Galilee, and Peraea, he takes the reader to Syria and Arabia, gives a vivid description of the Jewish Dispersion, an event which provides the background for the Acts of the Apostles, and estimates the influence of Hellenism, or the diffusion of the Greek language and culture.

In the time of Christ Greek was still the chief means of international intercourse and trade; and though in Syria and Palestine Aramaic was the language of the people, it was in the Greek tongue that the apostles and their fellow workers preached the gospel to the Gentile world.

Egypt has always exercised a strange fascination over the imagination, and the author weaves a spell of intriguing interest as he deals with the Egyptian Book of the Dead. As all students of Egyptology will remember, the worship of Ra, the sun-god, was established at Heliopolis in the Second Prehistoric Age. For the worshippers of Osiris there was the prospect of cultivating the fields of that god in perpetual day in the far west, while in the Ra-worship the soul crossed the waters of death in the east to join the boat of the sun.

We then pass on to Rome, and the state of the Empire at the time of Christ is summarized in the author's masterly way. Rome was the mainstay of civilization, a fact which was of vital importance in the missionary journeys of St. Paul, as it gave free course for the good news of the gospel until it was checked by the persecution under Nero in A.D. 64. The salient points of the history of the period are dealt with up to the defeat of Varus in A.D. 9, with the loss of three legions, a disaster which haunted the mind of Augustus for the remainder of his life. After an instructive chapter on the people of the Empire, Mr. Richards deals with its worship and thought, and succeeds in conveying much information in an interesting way.

The defeat of Crassus by the Parthians serves as an introduction for a masterly sketch of the Parthian Empire. The noblest religion in the Empire was Zoroastrianism, the recognized worship of the Medes and Persians. Later on came the rise of Mithraism with its mystical ceremonies and promise of a future life. But it yielded at last to Christianity, because it was only a conception, whereas Christ lived, died, and rose again. The chapter on the British Isles, which to the Romans of the Augustan age represented the 'World's End,' will be read with peculiar interest by students of history.

The book is an illuminating study of the world to which our Lord came, and, in addition to imparting much valuable information, reminds us forcibly of the fact that He came 'in the fullness of time.' (2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Ministry of Music.

Methodist Music of the Eighteenth Century, by James T. Lightwood, describes the rise and progress of worship music from the publication of the Foundery Tune-Book in 1742 to the death of John Wesley. In the early days of the eighteenth century the musical part of the Church service in this country was sadly neglected, and what John Wesley heard when he was first taken to the village church at Epworth is best left to the imagination. The fact that music touches another life with beauty, and lifts it out of all that is petty and small, seems to have been entirely lost sight of in those early days.

Mr. Lightwood points out that, though Wesley was introduced to a knowledge of German hymns and chorales during his voyage to America, it was not until he visited St. Paul's Cathderal in the spring of 1738 that the ministry of music awakened a response within his heart. The anthem on that occasion was 'Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice. O let Thine ears consider well the voice of my compaint, &c.' The Foundery Tune-Book, and the 'conversion' hymn and its tune, lead the reader to a consideration of John Frederic Lampe, whom the late Rev. Richard Butterworth appropriately designated 'the first Methodist composer.' Handel's tunes are discussed with knowledge and understanding, and the author then introduces us to *Select Hymns with tunes annext,* the successor of the 'Foundery' tune-book.

The thoroughness with which Wesley carried out everything he undertook is clearly shown in the directions by which he sought to impress upon his congregation the fact that hymn-

singing should be an act of worship and adoration. The subject was discussed at the Dublin Conference in 1765, and again at Manchester. The chapter on ' Sacred Harmony ' makes bright and attractive reading, and is an appropriate prelude to the author's remarks about organs, which contain much that is of interest to the general reader. The vagaries as well as the talent of the muscal sons of Charles Wesley are described; and after an account of the Wesley concerts, Mr. Lightwood concludes an admirable little volume with excerpts from John Wesley's talks to the singers. (1*s.* net.)

' Positive Protestants.'

The question of the Revision of the Prayer Book has much exercised the minds of Churchmen during recent months, and the late Dr. George Eayrs has rendered timely service in putting the Protestant position in a singularly clear and impressive way, at the same time reminding his readers of the birthday and birthplace of the word.

The fundamental experiential knowledge of God in Christ is claimed by Evangelical Churchmen as implicit in the Christian religion. Ordinary human nature indwelt by Christ gives to the personality of man a union with his Creator, and it is by responsive love that he comes to know God. Thus the human spirit may become a partaker of the divine nature. Unlike Calvin, Protestants do not think of the Almighty in terms of elective will, but rather unite the holy majesty of God with His never-failing compassion. The right of private judgement is another point stressed by positive Protestants. The significant phrase ' in Christ ' occurs one hundred and sixty-four times in St. Paul's writings. What limits, therefore, can be set to the operations of man indwelt by God? It is a conscious participation in the divine nature, and wholehearted co-operation in its creative and redemptive purposes.

The book is a clear setting forth of the Protestant case, by one who knows how to marshal his arguments in a convincing manner. The author writes with vigour, and is always stimulating. The little volume is entirely free from the spirit of rancour, and though there are some profound yet practical themes touched upon, a consciousness of the deep realities of faith and love and fellowship are never absent. (*Positive Protestants,* 1*s.* net.)

A Great Reformer.

All those who have visited Bedford are familiar with the

statue of John Howard, the great prison reformer, which stands outside St. Paul's Church. At the time of his bi-centenary one of the leading London newspapers said: 'Not the conception but the practical application of the principle that a penalty to be deterrent, to be reformative, need not and should not be cruel, we owe to him. It was he who taught the public conscience to demand that felons condemned must still be treated as men and women.' Mr. Rowe, who has already proved his ability as a biographer, makes the great philanthropist live by intimate touches which cause the narrative to stand out on a larger canvas, and gain in vividness and colour. The horrors of prison life in the old days are described in graphic language, though the picture is not overdrawn, as Howard was never the man to be what Disraeli called 'a decorative inutility,' but visited the jails in order to inquire fully into all the cases.

Though he had to face the opposition which all those who seek to improve the lot of humanity meet with, his fearlessness carried the day, and, in the words of Jeremy Bentham, 'he died a martyr after living an apostle.' (*John Howard, Prison Reformer and Philanthropist,* 'Noble Life Series,' 2*s.* net.)

A Stirring Book of Adventure.

The Girls of the Swallow Patrol makes capital reading for girls, who can scarcely fail to be interested by the many adventures which befall the Guides of the Swallow Patrol. It may be objected that stories of this type have been worn threadbare; but the author shows that, with the help of originality and imagination, it is always possible to devise fresh plots. The subject is treated in a terse, vivid style; the appetite of the reader is soon whetted, and the dramatic situations which arise are such as to excite the curiosity of the most prosaic. Moreover, the stories contain much sound advice. Though never burdensome, lessons are drawn which, if learned and applied, will save the reader not a little searching of heart in later life. A bright and sunny disposition has a happy way of becoming infectious. To appreciate the worth of others is one way of sharing their burden. Hearts are everywhere hungry for appreciation, and high-spirited girls who want something lively to read will not turn to these pages in vain. There is an undercurrent of seriousness which will draw their attention to the ideal of service for their comrades represented by the Girl Guide Movement. (2*s.* net.) The author of this delightful volume is S. E. Marten.

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